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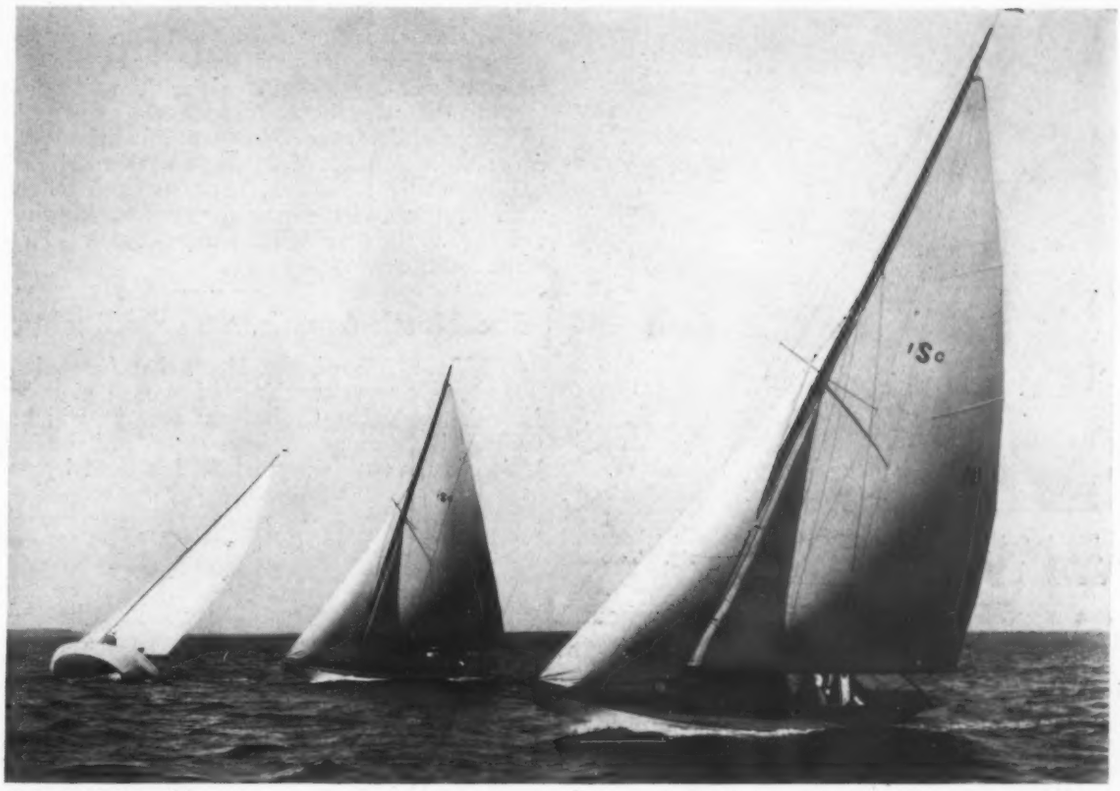


Photos by M. Rosenfeld

The new Sound Inter-Club Class made its first appearance at the Larchmont race on May 8th, when twelve of them appeared at the line. Left to right, *Ginette, Merrywing, Lotus.*

The Yachting Season Opens

An Early Start Made This Year and Unusual Activity in Sight

IN spite of the vagaries of a particularly cold and freakish spring, the yacht racing season on the Atlantic coast opened unusually early, and with considerable vim that augurs well for the most active season afloat that the sport has ever seen. It evidently takes something more than cold weather to hold back the racing men this year, probably because there are so many new yachts that were built last season whose owners are impatient to get them under canvas and try them out.

As has been the case the last few seasons, the Larchmont Yacht Club was the first in the field, and the regatta committee of this big Long Island Sound organization scheduled a series of races through May that gave the yachts in those waters nearly a month of racing before the regular championship season started on May 29th.

The first of these races was sailed on May 8th and brought fourteen yachts to the line in the 20-rater and Sound Inter-Club Classes, all of them new but one, the *Gamecock*, a last year's "R". In a good race, ending in a very fresh breeze, the new 20-rater *Ardelle*, won her maiden race, and in the Sound Inter-Club Class, to which the remarkable number of 28 yachts were built, the *Bandit* won the first event. In the race the following week the *Gamecock* took the honors in the R Class.

The 20-raters will probably be the outstanding open class this summer in all sections of the country, both on salt and on fresh water. On the Sound there are three new R's, the *Ardelle*, Donald H. Cowl owner, from designs by Mower, the Herreshoff-designed *Grayling*, for Junius S. Morgan, Jr., and a new yacht from designs by H. J. Gielow, Inc., for Robert B. Meyer. These three will meet a large number of last year's "R's," most of which have undergone changes designed to improve them. *Quiver*, last year's champion, has had some lead removed from her keel, *Doress* and *Barbara* each have new rigs with curved masts, *Gamecock* has had the advantage of an early tuning up and some minor changes in rig, and *Astrild* will be out in June. The *Alarm*, a last year's boat built in Germany from designs by Alden, but not raced, will be out under the ownership of Robert Mallory and Hamilton Hitt. *Chances* and *Manhassett* may or may not be out. This will give, however, a fleet of some ten "R's" racing regularly. *Ardette*, *Fifi* and *Secret* have all been sold away from the Sound.

At Marblehead many of last year's 20-raters have been sold to the Great Lakes. *Dandelion*, *Momiji*, and *Spry* have gone to Lake Ontario, where they are getting quite a fleet of "R's", and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club is

Nokomis, **Commodore, W. A. W. Stewart's Seawanhaka schooner, was the first one of the class out with her new staysail rig. Two of the class will be seen in the Bermuda Race.**

building two new ones, Canadian products throughout. Charles F. Adams is having a new boat to replace *Dandelion* and it is rumored that Charles A. Welch, owner of *Yankee,* is having a new R whose building is shrouded in mystery. The *Gypsy* will be out this year and several new 20-raters will keep the Marblehead fleet to approximately the same size as last year. The racing between the Sound and Massachusetts Bay should, therefore, be particularly keen, as there are several occasions on which the two sections will come together, such as the race for the Manhasset Cup in August, for the Ladies Plate of the Eastern Yacht Club, for the New York Yacht Club Cup off Newport, in September, and for the Greenwich Cup.

The Q Class will also be increased at Marblehead, as two or three new 25-raters are already launched and will make it lively for last year's fleet. Two of these are from designs by Burgess, Swasey and Paine and one from the board of J. G. Alden.

On the Sound, an interesting experiment is being tried out by Clinton H. Crane who has put a new rig on his 6-meter *Red Head* which will make her rate in the R Class, where he will race by courtesy, as the yacht does not conform to the cabin house and scantling restrictions of the Universal Rule. On a 22-foot waterline the Red Head will carry about 560 feet of sail and she should be a hard boat to beat in a light chance. Her performance will be watched with interest and she may show something that will surprise us, as the present tendency is towards larger, longer waterline boats.

Photo by Levick

Ardelle, **the new Class R yacht of Donald H. Cowl, was the first 20-rater out on the Sound and won her maiden race.**

The North American Yacht Racing Union

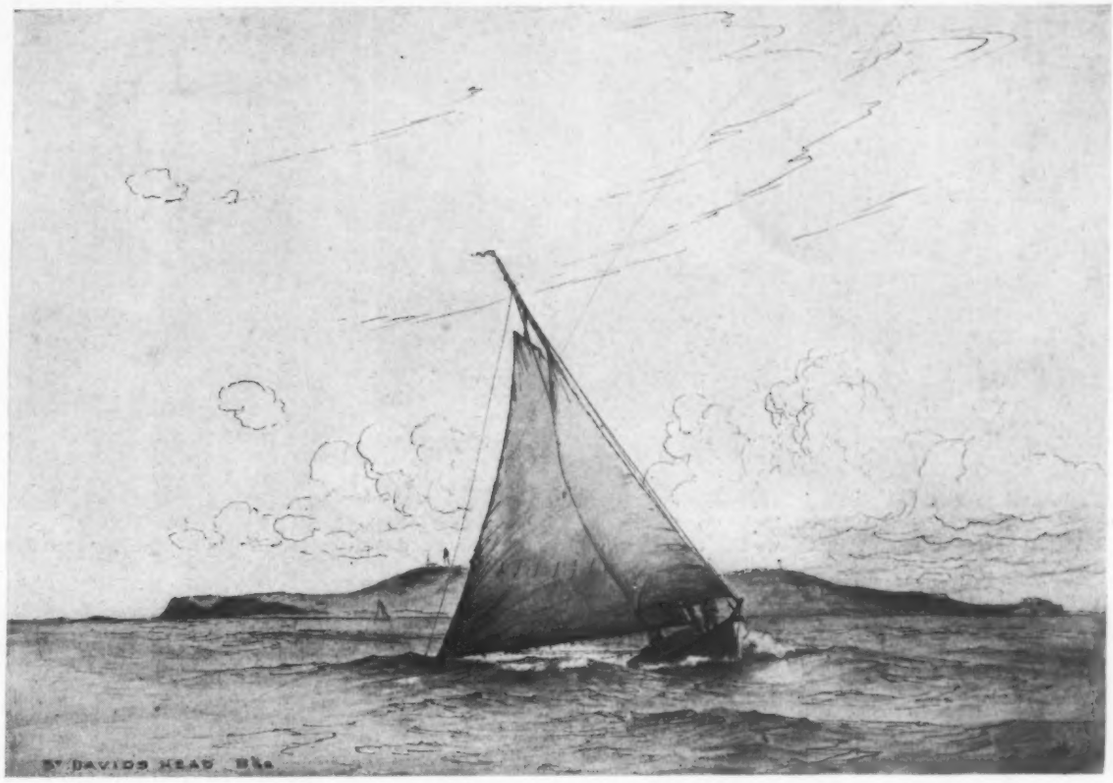
A MEETING of the Executive Committee of the North American Yacht Racing Union, held at the New York Yacht Club May 6th, at which President Clifford D. Mallory presided, developed the fact that the Union is already filling a long felt need by supplying a unifying factor in the sport of yacht racing.

Twenty-eight boats have been built to the Sound Inter-Club class. *Bandit,* owned by Samuel Wetherill, took the first race.

Reports were made by C. Sherman Hoyt, Chairman, Committee on Racing Rules, and W. A. W. Stewart, Chairman, Committee on Measurement Rules.

The report of Donald H. Cowl, Secretary of the Union, covering the Membership Committee's work throughout the United States and Canada indicated that the Union was already assured of ample financial support from the yachtsmen of the United States, Canada, Nassau, West Indies and the Hawaiian Islands to make it a permanent institution.

In addition to a membership of yacht racing associations and yacht clubs, there is an individual membership to the Yacht Racing Union, composed of yachtsmen throughout North America, whose support is desired and needed in carrying out the work of the Union.



St. David's Head, Bermuda, from a drawing by Warren Sheppard at the finish of the race of 1907. The fleet this year will finish off the lighthouse shown in the center.

All Set for the Bermuda Race

Twenty-two Yachts Entered and a Big Fleet Expected at the Line

WITH the date of the start of the Bermuda Race some three weeks away, twenty yachts are being groomed for the fray, twenty owners are making every conceivable preparation for a fast, safe passage, and one hundred and fifty members of the various crews are getting in trim in anticipation of driving their craft across the finish line off St. David's Head — a winner if possible, but well up in the fleet, in any event.

There has been little change in the entry list published in the May issue of YACHTING. *Blue Goose*, the 70-ft. schooner owned by M. V. C. Ruxton, has been withdrawn, and it is quite probable that *Mary*, Dr. Henry C. Rowland's 40-ft. ketch, will be unable to start. To offset these withdrawals, there is a good chance that Charles Atwater will enter his 36-ft. sloop *Duckling*, a fast-traveling craft built last year from designs of C. D. Mower, which should stand a good chance of winning in her class if moderate weather prevails. In addition to *Duckling*, *Trade Wind*, a 56-ft. schooner just launched, designed by John G. Alden and owned by Henry B. Anderson, will start if she can be conditioned in time. So the probable starters number 20, only two short of the record-breaking fleet of 1923, and six more than the 1924 armada.

With the start scheduled for 10 A.M., June 20th, owners have been instructed to report to the Bermuda Race Committee in New London harbor not later than 9 A.M., June 19th, for inspection, ensealment of motors, etc., and in order to facilitate this work, have been asked to report by noon, June 18th, if possible. The New Haven Yacht Club will give a dinner to the crews of the race on June 17th.

The Jibboom Club of New London has offered the use of its club rooms at 76 Bank Street, New London, for the use of owners and crews of competing yachts. Yacht mail may be sent in care of S. M. Marsters, 260 Pequot Avenue, and will be delivered on board free of charge.

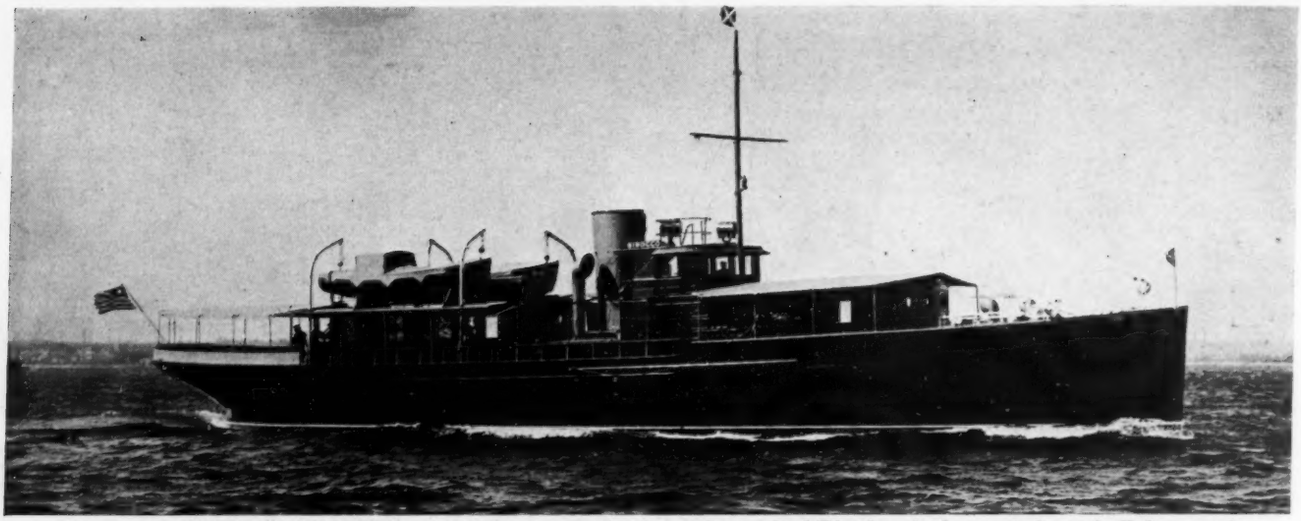
Following is the entry list to date:

YACHT		LENGTH	OWNER
Quita	Schooner	60′	George Woodward, Jr.
Fei Seen	"	58′	Irving Cox
Cygnet	"	58′	Paul Hammond and Elihu Root, Jr.
Windjammer	"	57′	Edward Crabbe
Caroline	"	64′	Roger Young
Countess	"	56′	L. Gordon Hamersley
Blue Water	"	55′	Melville R. Smith
Malabar VII	"	54′	John G. Alden
Black Goose	"	52′	W. F. Downs
Gauntlet	"	50′	A. E. Dingle
Malay	"	45′	R. W. Ferris
Sagamore	"	44′	Edward W. Madeira
Surprise	"	44′	M. L. Kattenhorn
Mary Ann	"	42′	John Parkinson
Malabar III	"	42′	Everett Morss, Jr.
Harlequin	"	42′	George Gallowhur
Dragoon	Ketch	66′	R. N. Bavier
Mary	"	41′	Henry C. Rowland
Breeze	"	40′	W. M. Ronan
Primrose III	Yawl	48′	O. S. Payson
**Trade Wind*	Schooner	56′	Henry B. Anderson
**Duckling*	Sloop	36′	Charles Atwater

*Possible starters.

Just as we go to press word comes of the arrival in these waters of the British cutter *Jolie Brise*, owned by Com. E. G. Martin, of the Ocean Racing Club. He is accompanied by Weston Martyr, who sailed in the 1924 race. *Jolie Brise* won the Fastnet Race last year and is a certain starter in this year's Bermuda event.

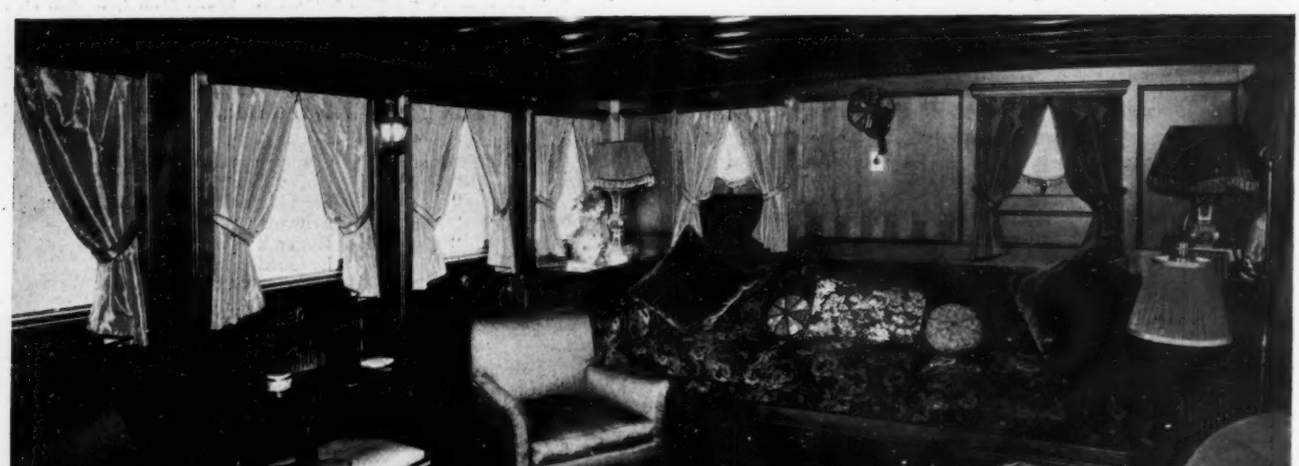
Sirocco, a New American Diesel-Powered Yacht



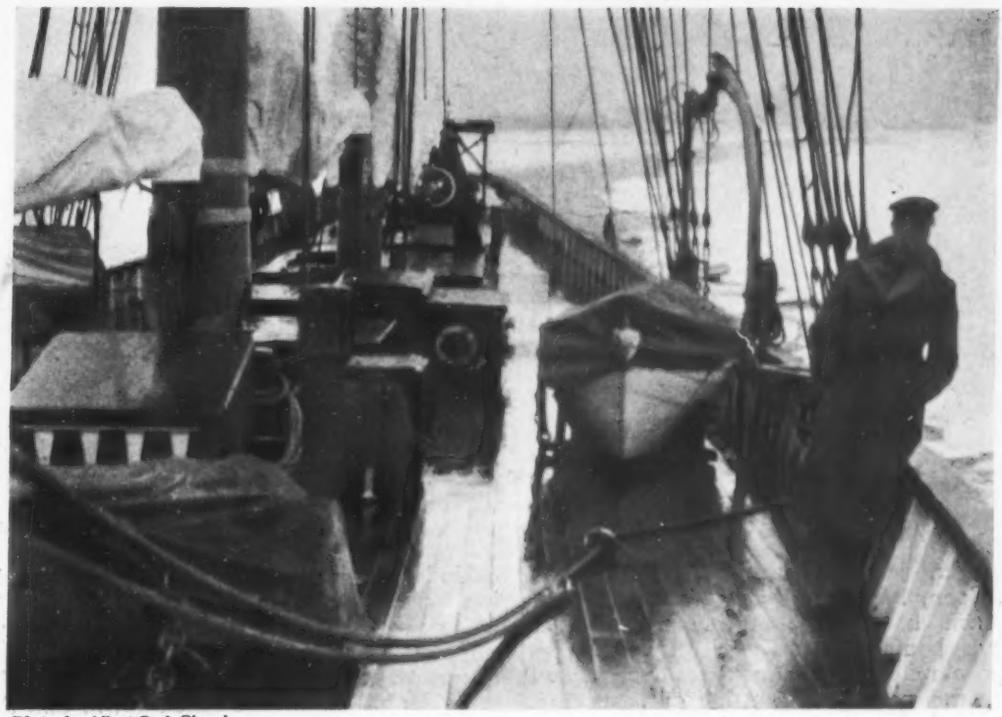
Sirocco, owned by Francis S. Whitten, is the latest example of a moderate sized Diesel yacht for coastwise and off-shore work. She is 120 feet long, twin-screw, with two Diesel engines, and was designed and built by the Luders Marine Construction Co.

Left — The dining room in the forward deckhouse is paneled in solid black walnut.

Right — A double stateroom, which the hangings and furnishings make most attractive and cheerful.



The living room, or lounge, in the after deckhouse.



Photos by Albert Cook Church

Wanderer **being towed to sea, with the ice grinding viciously at her sides.**

Trying out *Wanderer's* New Rig

Cruising Off the New England Coast in February

By ELSIE JANET BURGESS

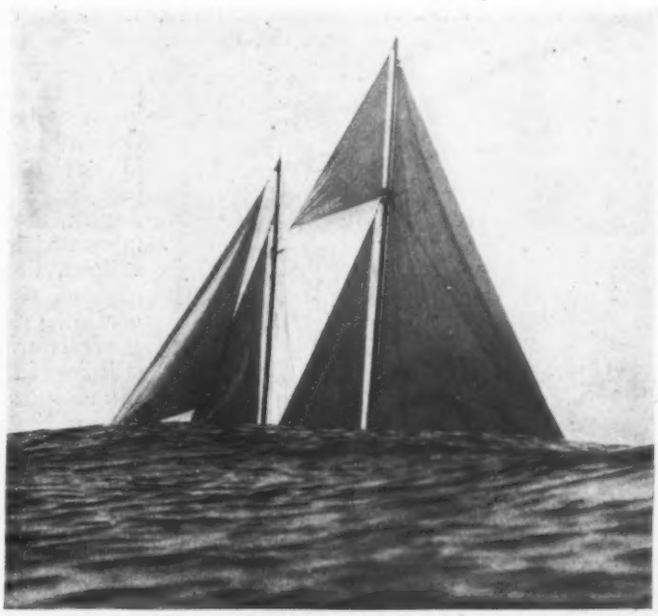
FOREWORD. — In charge of W. Starling Burgess, of the firm of Burgess, Swasey and Paine, of Boston, Mass., the big auxiliary schooner yacht *Wanderer*, built in 1923, was given a midwinter try-out with the new jib-headed rig, with staysails between fore and main, which was designed for her by Mr. Burgess.

The work of converting *Wanderer* from a gaff-rigged knockabout schooner to a towering jib-headed cruising rig of the same outline as a modern racing rig, was carried out at the yard of the George Lawley & Son Corporation, Neponset, where a 125-foot Marconi spar, built by Pigeon Brothers, was installed.

Wanderer is 130 feet in length overall and was built in Essex, Mass., from plans of William H. Hand, Jr., of New Bedford. The first test of the new rig was held in Massachusetts Bay in a 30-mile blow from the northwest. According to those who had sailed in her before, the schooner was faster, stiffer and easier to handle than under her former rig. A few days later Mr. Burgess took the *Wanderer* to Newport, R. I., and spent a week trying her out under various conditions of wind and sea.

After her return from Newport a run was made directly out to sea in order to test the rig in off-shore conditions. The following interesting descriptive account of this trip was written by Mrs. Burgess, who was a member of the afterguard on the unusual midwinter voyage.

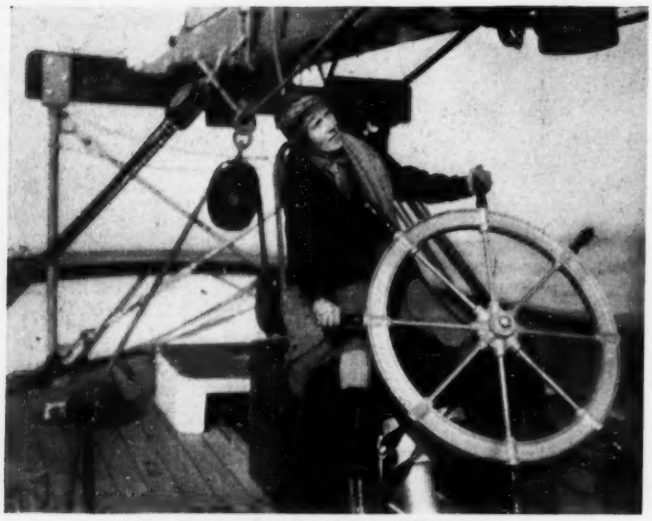
HARRY BELKNAP.



The new staysail rig of the *Wanderer* being tried out at sea off the New England coast in February.

TO my great delight I was asked, last winter, to be one of the afterguard of the *Wanderer* in an open sea test of her new rig that was to be made. We planned to start on February 10th, but the day dawned with a blizzard from the northeast. Word came that all communication with Neponset, where the yacht was lying in Lawley's basin, was at a standstill; but that afternoon my husband, with the other members of our afterguard, Messrs. Charles Warren Lippitt and Jasper Morgan, succeeded in getting through the drifts and boarded the vessel for the night.

The following morning I joined them. The crew were wearing their broad-



Mrs. Burgess at the wheel of *Wanderer*.

"Under our auxiliary power we proceeded to sea."

est smiles and innocently I supposed them eager to put to sea. Soon, however, I was disillusioned on learning that their happiness was due to the fact that the vessel was bound fast to the pier by six inches of ice. For over a mile the channel was frozen and apparently there was no hope of getting out. But Mr. Burgess thought otherwise. He telephoned the coast guard, and soon, through the murky mist that hovered over the Cow Pasture, a gray cutter appeared. Suddenly she fetched up, all standing. She had struck the ice. Alternately backing and charging, the cutter kept at it for hours, but it was no use. In desperation we asked for a larger boat and this soon swung around the bend. We felt certain of her success. Her little sister retired and the newcomer worked manfully. But after more hours of watching we decided that the only hope left was to obtain the services of a large towboat.

About noon the second cutter gave way to the tug *Clara Doane*, which now began making really efficient progress toward us. By 3 o'clock she had ranged alongside, sliced off great rafts of ice, and we were free. Soon we were towing down the harbor in her wake, with the ice grinding viciously at the copper sheathed sides of the yacht. We dropped the towing hawser upon reaching President's Roads.

The tug *Clara Doane* freeing *Wanderer* from the ice at Neponset.

Under our own auxiliary power we proceeded out of the harbor, past the channel buoys bearded with ice, and, once at sea, set the forestaysail, jib, main staysail and, as night was coming on and the wind was rising, we hoisted a storm trysail in place of the big mainsail. The motor was stopped; halliards were coiled down, and the course set, east, for the open sea.

As the land dropped out of sight astern it grew measurably warmer. At six o'clock we were called to supper. How cosy was the softly lighted white cabin with interesting old sea prints on the bulkheads and a coal fire burning in the grate! And how good food tastes when the appetite is whetted by the keen salt air.

Later, we went on deck and found a black night about us and the heavens blazing with a thousand stars, under which our masts swung slowly back and forth at a dizzy height across the zenith. No lights of shore or on other ships shone upon the sea. We were alone in our private world.

Comfortably tired, I went below and was no sooner in my narrow, high-sided, almost crib-like bunk than I was sound asleep. Later I awoke from a dream to see the cabin furniture and our baggage dancing merrily about the floor and to hear the crew stamping and shouting on the deck above. The motion was quite unnerving. Mr. Burgess went on deck and came back later to say that the ship was laboring heavily in a gale of wind and that the jib had just been taken in to ease her in the seaway. Back to sleep again, until just before dawn I was called to view Saturn, the morning star, slowly fading in the violet-orange mist, flashing like a light, first red, then white. What a glorious sight Saturn was as he rose, heralding the day.

Westward, over our stern, black night still lingered, merging aloft into the pale tints of dawn. Of a sudden, over the edge of the world, rose the fiery limb of the sun and soon he blazed in all his glory, attended by a flock of tiny, pink clouds.

Though the wind had moderated I could not go back to my berth; it was all too lovely, though I was unceremoniously shuffled below for a few moments while my husband, unknown to me until

(*Continued on page 80*)

Filalou's steevey bow and generous saucer-like bilges.

Through the lee, showing loose-footed main.

Breaking in the Bosun

By FREDERIC A. FENGER

"What must have been truly alarming for the ship-owner or captain, was the size of a nobleman's retinue in those days . . . and then there was all the *baggage*. For it was a regular feature of medieval economy for a gentleman to take his *home* with him. Not a jot of ceremony was omitted . . . and the need to impress foreigners necessitated, in that age of great extravagance and luxury, the transport of *vast personal luggage*, often of very considerable value. . . .

"The method of stowing the baggage does not appear; we can only imagine its quantity because of the *boxes, bags, chests, coffers, baskets, hampers, sacks* . . . there was also the *personal baggage* of the party . . . and last, but not least, stores of food and drink, not merely for the voyage itself, but to supply deficiencies on land. *Clothing* took up a great deal of room. . . .

"The evidence with regard to food is ample and clear, though there is no hint of the rations of the seamen. It tells us the commissariat of a gentleman travelling by sea and providing his own victuals. . . . A review of their food-stuffs leads to the conclusion that the fare on board ship was not very different from that on land — it was merely a matter of *proportions*. . . . Felix Faber, a fifteenth century pilgrim, says that the pilgrims on his galley often lifted up the deck planks and buried their eggs and bottles of wine in the sand in the hold of the galley, to keep them sound and cool. . . . One special savory prepared for the galley was brayed meat and brayed duck.

"A great deal of *wine* and *beer* was provided for the ships, special carriers and assistants being employed from time to time to help in filling and coopering the barrels. . . . Water, as we know, was *not* a favourite beverage in the Middle Ages. . . .

"This is a bare outline of the kind of evidence to be gathered of life on board ship, as lived by a nobleman travelling in state and luxury in the later Middle Ages. Shorter voyages, especially to France and Flanders, were undertaken frequently enough . . . but these longer voyages [to the Mediterranean and Jerusalem] were great events in their lives, both as religious performances, and also as a means of seeing the world, and *finding relief in the tedious times of peace.*" —*An Earle's Voyages in the Late Fourteenth Century.* From the evidence of his household account books. By Grace Stretton.

THE italics are the skipper's, and as for the quotation itself, well, one would swear that the Mate had been up late the night before, reading the latest copy of *The Mariner's Mirror*. For she is that sort of mate. YACHTING, for instance, and *Yachting Monthly*, always go to bed with her on the first day of their arrival. Then the Bosun has a slant at 'em and finally they are shoofed into the growlery. Where the Skipper smokes and spits and growls and twiddles obligatos on his type-machine.

Oh, we were getting ready to hoist our jib for Falmouth and *Filalou*, and the Bosun at four and nearly three-quarters would be having his first real taste o' poundin' salt water. God bless us all, and our thirteenth anniversary would be celebrated aboard the hoogarts — somewhere. Breakfast had gone, and four bells, when the Skipper warped the Rolled-Oats (2 to 4 cylinders) alongside and began to load our *vast personal luggage*. A kit bag, two suit cases, a Carib hamper, two baskets, and half the gear out o' th' galley. Yet there was more to come. A whole mountain of it! One would think that we, too, were going to the Mediterranean and Jerusalem. And there was hardly room left in the car for our precious selves. It was too much, that mountain that remained, and it would remain, most of it.

"We won't take *that*, or *that*, or *that!*" disploded the Skipper, "Why, you've got blame near everything here but the loose bricks in my hearth!"

"But how can I do without these things?" exploded the Mate.

"Well, dammit, go out and look in the car! She's down on her axles like a dustin' hen."

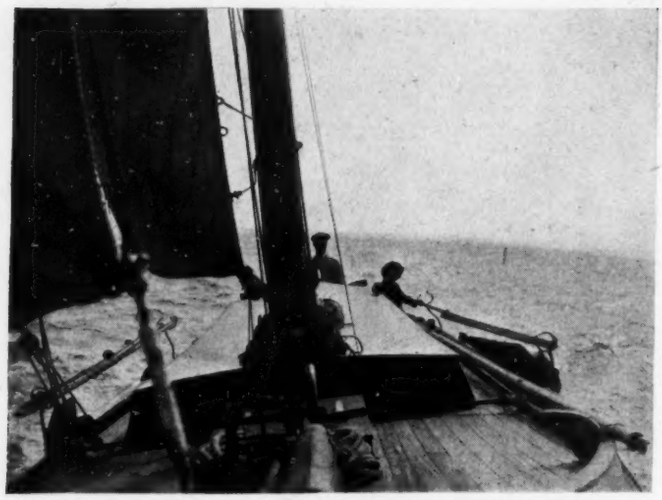
"I don't *want* to look at the car." Tears hermin' up to looard.

"As *you* say, then. Climb aboard, darn it, we're *off!*"

And so we were. On two cylinders, working up to three, speed rising fifteen knots, headed south on various courses, and the day was clear, lovely and fair as one ever finds it on the Cape in September.

Sixty-five miles, a roadside luncheon, one puncture, and one blow-out were behind us and it was well into the afternoon when at last we fetched into Hoyt's boat yard, portageed our *vast personal luggage* aboard *Filalou* (conveniently laid in to the dock), and urged the Rolled-Oats into an open shed where it might ease its springs for a couple o' weeks and commune with its sleasy tires upon the vagaries of its Rum Gaggin' owner.

Oh, it was worth a puncture and a blow-out to be aboard the tidy little ship again, and while the sun was laying into the evening set we got into our old clothes, made a rough stow, and were having our tea. "Gee," said the Bosun, "I like this!" He had already investigated the mysteries of the winch, all gears and wildcat, and with a handle like an ice cream freezer, had learned to say "topside" and "below decks" and one new swear word. For he *is* given to swearing — a little — but where in time he gets it, *we* don't know. Then Nat Emmons, who only owns *Filalou*, and would be shipping as foremast hand, second cook, second dishwasher and



"Another day, and all too soon, we were once more crossing the Sound."

second father to the Bosun, came down to see that we were all properly snugged in.

The next day, while the Mate was homeing herself on *Filalou* and making a proper stow of our v.p.l., the Skipper turned-to with Captain Hoyt to fashion the heavy oak bracket which was to carry "Ole", the 3½ h.p. heavy duty outboard, on the rudder — just as the Hollanders do. It was a fussy chore that called for careful adjusting and thorough bolting, and the sun was again easing down among the roofs of Falmouth when at last we applied a coat of oil and called it a job.

That Ole refused to run, when we spun his head piece after we had smoked down our breakfast in the morning was really of small moment. He'd kick, but in reverse, and at last we decided that something was wrong with the magneto. So we left him sitting on the rudder and covered him over with a tarpaulin. For it came on thick-a-fog with a bit o' drizzle, and we'd be keeping him dry. Then we warped around the end of the dock and picked up our moorin' and went below to smoke. And that's the way to thumb your nose at a balky engine!

Still fog the third morning, but toward noon it scaled off before a tidy S.S.W. breeze that swept the Chops, east and west, clean and bright as quarter decks and brushed up the blue Sound between with an afternoon shimmer of little waves. It would be a close fetch, almost a beat, out through the narrow cut between the rip-rap jetties that give away from the harbor, and *Filalou* has the appearance of being unsuited to such a job. Fair wafting chances, say those who do not know her, for she looks a bit sot agin turnin' to wind'ard, and obstinate in stays, like any fat woman who tries to frap her stomach from where it should be to where it doesn't belong. But read. She'll fin her way to wind'ard smartly enough and turn on a guilder whenever you ask it of her. We got up the mains'l with both boards well down — for that's the way to keep her from sheering about — and then, running up the stays'l, slipped our mooring and fetched her off on the starboard tack. She's dependable, that way, in a crowded harbor. A couple of hitches and we had won our way into the nock at the landward end of the weather jetty. Then we brought her about, her steevey stem hovering over the rocks and her long snoopy nose pole poking right into the garden of an outpost bungalow that sits in the angle of the rip-rap. With just a tip o' board down she gathered way through the cut. Would she clear the jetty? Perhaps. Well, not quite. And instead of fetching about, the Skipper snatched up the long quant pole from the scepters and won her clear with a shove. So much for quant poles and wide decks, but it gives the nervous onlooker an extra couple o' heart beats!

The ebb was pouring out from the Sound like condemned hootch, but we gave her a good full and bye just to weather L'Hommedieu, or Lummeydoo, as they call it, and kept just enough board down to check her leeway on top of the tide. They take a bit o' learnin', those leeboards, not that there is anything tricky about 'em, but that one is apt to forget that they are somewhat different in action from the centerboard which one usually lowers and then forgets, unless perchance "the bottom gets too near the top," as they put it in their *right* and *left* way in the navy. As the centerboarder heels to increasing press of sail, the effective area of lateral resistance becomes less and, do you but give it a bit o' thought, the effective center tends to come aft, thus counteracting, in a slight degree, the vessel's ardency. With the leeboarder — up to its best sailing angle, and there is no real call for a great amount of heel — the area of lateral resistance not only increases in amount but in effectiveness and its center tends to go forrad, thus augmenting the weather helm. Of course the board is hard pressed against the guard. But one can luff her a bit and then haul up the board till the hoogarts is sailing on zero helm. For this reason the Hollanders liberally grease the guard cheek especially to allow the weighted board to drop freely even when there may be some pressure against it.

A romping smoky sou'wester, now, while all up the Sound were tiny triangles and quadrilaterals fast crawling under the plushy horizon. And to the hum of our lee pendant — a seductive comforting drone when one hears it below to the accompaniment of her craunching bilges — the Vineyard opened wide and then closed away on our weather quarter while the two lighthouses on the Chops drew together to pass a plug o' terbaccer.

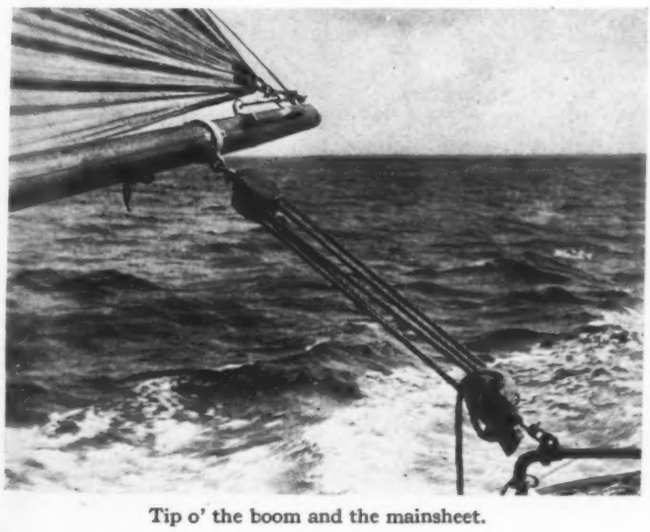
Squash Meadow now thrust its weather edge under our bows, we ironed through its rip, and we fetched in for the beach. Slackening water here, and the tide was slightly foul out from the cut to Lake Anthony while the wind was a dead muzzler. And the stays'l sheet fair-

"She steered at a finger's touch." Note the hakblok with its protruding thumb.

lead went adrift as we were beating in, but we made it in five hitches to the wonderment of the gawping jetty idlers who watched us wheel and tack and momentarily expected to see us impaled upon the jagged rocks. A further proof of *Filalou*'s ability to negotiate the ticklish

and, so far as one could judge, Ole-on-the-rudder made no appreciable difference in her handling. Then we rounded-to in the basin and let go our banded grapnel which but lately had been recovered from Tarpaulin Cove where it had lain all summer. A mere toy pond, is Lake Anthony, built around with snug cottages and tidy little docks, and a handy place to lie in if your legs are not too long, while the people who live about it are friendly.* To come in here is much like being set down in the Saturday night wash tub in the kitchen where the neighbors may step in and swap the news.

We were up with the sun, and the breeze which had kept the halliards a'swatting throughout the night — there are no shrouds, you know, to spring 'em to, and besides we rather enjoyed the novelty (for us) of their busy *ra-ta-rat* — was so alluring that we made quick shift to light the stoves and then to break out the anchor and hoist our jib. It is a bit larky, not being a gang o' shore hounds, to snoop into a place and then snoop out again, only shaking hands with good holding ground as one might say. An early morning nymph had scrambled out upon the jetty head to snap us and bid us fair breezes. Thank the Lord she didn't wish us "Good Luck," a careless curse that always seems to bring the reverse. Breakfast was flemished down and the gear washed up ere Cape Pogue was abeam, whence we ran down the buoys of Hawes and Norton shoals and then fetched in across Edward's and Tuckernuck for Nantucket. Rather wicked water for the offshore man having a conscience, and even with a cat the rips will shake the head rails out of one, but it was just the meat for *Filalou* who smoothed her way over the worst of the bobble with nary a whack, like an ample auntie ambling down a village street on a blowey morning. And yet it was sailing, such as one gets on a sixty-footer. There is heave and lift and a sense of going somewhere, while the decks are bone dry. Pogue washed out quickly enough, Muskegat sauntered up from the south'ard, then Tuckernuck, and soon the standpipe on Nantucket appeared where it should be. Strangely enough, it is not shown on the late chart (U.S.C. and G.S. 1209) although I find it on mine



Tip o' the boom and the mainsheet.

of the same number dated March 2, 1920. A curious omission, for it is an excellent landmark when approaching the town from anywhere west of north, and lies 1⅞ miles almost due west (true) from Brant Point Light which guards the harbor. By this time the sou'wester

*Substantial moorings with white buoys are maintained for the use of transient yachtsmen.

The outboard motor mounted on the rudder pushed the heavy *Filalou* along at 3 knots.

was rampin' like a good 'un, and bowsing down for a close haul we fetched in through the jetties, smoked past the point, and tacked across the bows of the schoolship *Nantucket* to a vacant mooring at the edge of the fleet off the yacht club.

And here we loafed — ingloriously — for, once moorfast, the broad harbor with its soft sloping shores to the southard giving away into the ever receding Coatue Bay with its numbered points and lagooning bights, invites loafing and prolonged fourth class liberties from the cockpit or the open fore hatch, all depending upon whether one is resting the hind legs in an easy chair or paying the galley penalty of a meal given the "half fathom." People came out to look over our tawny duck from Holland, and some of 'em, we found, we knew. Even the Bosun, who was learning to swab decks and steer if not actually to hand and reef, had his admiring callers, and at one time there were five incipient mariners scrambling about on deck and below, for they must needs examine and try out every bit o' gear from winch to toilet. The spare rope locker for'ard, where we kept hands of bananas, became their favorite gamming place. There were teas ashore. And when the Bosun was warned by the Mate, "Now remember, you must not swear before the Steele children," he answered, "All right, mummie, we'll talk aëroplane, then." Isn't it curious, by the way, how a sheltered child, brought up in the seclusion of an out-of-the-way marooning such as Rum Gagger Farm, will manage to pick up the stronger and viler words affected by the utterly low polloi?

We explored the narrow streets for those lovely old houses which were built upon fortunes of "grease," and one day while poking about in a boat yard we were nosed out by the redoubtable "Becky" Sharp who drove us, first to the eastward over that part of the island that somewhat resembles the rolling moors of Denmark, and later to the west'ard right down to Maddaket where the hurricane of August in '24 all but washed the coast guard station into the sea.

One lazy forenoon we sailed in to the dock to fill our tanks, and here, among the casual fishermen who gathered to look us over, we found one Jacob Scheele, a Hollander some twenty years now out of Ierseke on the island of Suid Beveland, famous for its oysters. "That's a real hoogarts!" Ho-harts, he pronounced it, with a gutteral burr from the dregs of his throat as though he had just put down a heavy charge of schnapps and were

(*Continued on page 82*)

Photo by Antoinette Perret

The waterfront at Gloucester is always picturesque.

Gauntlet Goes A-Seeking

Part II—From Gloucester to Halifax, Through Fog and Sunshine

By A. E. DINGLE

GETTING clear of the wharf at Gloucester after our overhaul was a tough proposition. The engine refused to start and the breeze blew dead on end. Trying to blow clear under the foresail, by warping around to the lee side of the wharf and getting a start with a hauling line, the old ship only managed to get jammed against the outer end of the next pier. A coast guard finally gave us a pluck out, and sail was made off Black Rock, the towline let go, and *Gauntlet* snored seawards with no more damage than a bit of scratched paint.

In spite of losing our boat, which, however, we recovered after a little trouble, and having to stay in Gloucester nearly two weeks, about our only real complaint might be the utter lack of facilities for taking a yacht up to the railway and seeing her safely clear after launching. And, of course our engine didn't go when it was badly wanted. It was most temperamental. With it, we might have saved our paint and our tempers leaving the Gloucester wharf. And yet, to anticipate a bit, after reaching Halifax and joining the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, the *Gauntlet* raced with the fleet to Ketch Harbor, was hopelessly out of the race in light airs among a lot of smart light-weather craft, and, the wind failing entirely halfway, the old ship got her machine going at first attempt and was able to pick up and tow in three other boats at once at a rate of four knots an hour.

As for the kerosene attachment, so far as we could see, kerosene is fully as reliable as gasoline, far more economical, and safer in a cruising boat. It seems to be the two-cycle abomination that causes the fuss. Even at its best it cannot be slowed down to any extent, and as soon as the clutch is taken out the thing just shakes its fool head off, rattles and sputters, and oftener than not races itself to a stop just about the time a kick astern is wanted. Any future *Gauntlet*, if there is one, will either have no motor at all, or will have a real machine of twenty or thirty horse power, self starting, which can be started and controlled from the wheel and can be depended on to run at all times.

Another small matter concerning the gear. In Gloucester we bought some dory chain and fitted it to the jib sheets, where it took the place of wire pennants. This has proved a tremendous success, perhaps due to the fact that we saw far enough ahead when doing it to change the forestaysail snap hooks for real hanks, which of course cannot catch the chain and cause trouble forward.

Leaving Gloucester on a sparkling sunshiny afternoon, Eastern Point was cleared at four-thirty, the log was streamed, and course set E ½ S for Cape Sable. That night the Operadio was opened, tuned in, and time signals secured from KDKA at Pittsburgh. By midnight 43 miles had been made, two rum ships passed, and everything settled down for the run across the Bay of Fundy. There was a famous stew on the Shipmate, the wind was south and fresh, and nothing but open water ahead.

By noon Friday Cashes Ledge had been well crossed, and a fisherman with her dories out had been passed. Good A.M., and meridian sights placed the ship four miles north of her dead reckoning, which seemed about right for Fundy. This being our first experience of the Bay, tides and rates were studied pretty closely, and due allowance made in setting the course after the noon sight. Yet by noon of Saturday the place of the ship was twelve miles N.W. by W. of her reckoning by log. Expecting to sight the buoy on Blonde Rock, we were far out of the course, and as the wind fell, and fog began to roll in, we

The beautiful Northwest Arm, above Halifax.

vaguely sighted a buoy that looked like a striped one. The only two like that were off Yarmouth and Pubnico, and there was no means of checking once the fog came in, for nothing could be heard and our leadline found no bottom.

Having heard so much about Cape Sable it was a bit creepy groping around there in the dark. Towards evening land poked up through a rift in the fog, but there was nothing to identify it. It looked like a line of islands, gradually diminishing in size to the end, and with something that looked like a lighthouse. But the fog came again, and there was nothing to be heard in the way of a fog signal. Once again the fog lifted, and somebody saw what appeared to be the tip of the land. That must be Sable. But it didn't look good. There was nothing to recognize it by. And we were passing through a terrific tide rip with very small breeze, while beyond the rip some ugly, suspicious patches of smooth, and some lines of breakers to seaward were not any way soothing. Wind died altogether. Of course the engine failed us. The current was running southerly, and we drifted between rips or shoals with uncanny luck, although our lead never gave bottom where we floated.

Sometime around midnight, with nothing in sight, no breeze, and no sound, a buoy abruptly staggered out of the fog, and was gone before it could be spotted with the flashlight. But it went by with speed, and we were apparently motionless; so over went the lead again, and showed about 40 feet. Somebody saw land on three sides of us, or the lights of it. Naturally somebody had to hear a gun, another a siren. The only place it seemed we might have wandered into, discounting the gun and the siren, was Frenchman's Bay, and that was unbelievable.

Over went an anchor on 20 fathom of five-eighths manila, and soon she swung to it, the tide rushing past with as much noise as if we were making six knots an hour. But the hook held like a barnacle, and soon only the mate was awake, out in the drizzle that had come on. Somebody kept a watch all through the night, simply because it was no place for a ship to be, anyway, and certainly no place to leave her unwatched.

Morning came, and the fog was still thick. There was absolutely nothing of sound or sight to get a bearing from. Close scrutiny of the chart simply assured us that wherever we had got to a southerly course would take us clear, barring of course such trifling possibilities as getting foul of a reef or shoal. So the hook came up, sail was set, and with the faintest northerly air we headed south. Luck again was with us, and about the time the sun should be on prime vertical he peeped out long enough to get a fair sight. And before noon the fog cleared, so that with an A. M. ex-merid, and a good noon shot, a perfect fix was obtained. We had actually been carried by abnormal current fair between Pease Island and St. Ann Point, where we had anchored. So once the fog cleared, and the breeze piped up, our course south brought us by 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday abeam of Sable Light, and we hauled up to E. by N. in bright sunshine and poppling seas.

Then Lady Luck went off watch. It was 10.30 before Brazil Rock was passed, and an hour past midnight before Negro Island came abeam. Five miles a watch was the speed, and rain, rain, rain!

Monday forenoon the old ship made 22 miles in the watch, 14 in the afternoon; then once more the gear just slammed and banged, though we seemed to creep along. Off Lunenburg one of the Norwegian "Q's" was met, bound for Boston, sailing fast in the light breeze, but she looked mighty small.

Creeping along almost imperceptibly, we made Sambro Light as soon as it grew dark enough to distinguish it. Then, drifting at about two knots, the ship suddenly found herself hedged in by what seemed to be millions of miles of fish nets, with floating lights about every hundred yards. We floated across two lines, and a dory frantically pulled after us howling for our log to be taken in. But apparently we hurt nothing. Hour after hour, with an expiring breeze just giving us steerage way, we threaded our devious way around what seemed must be

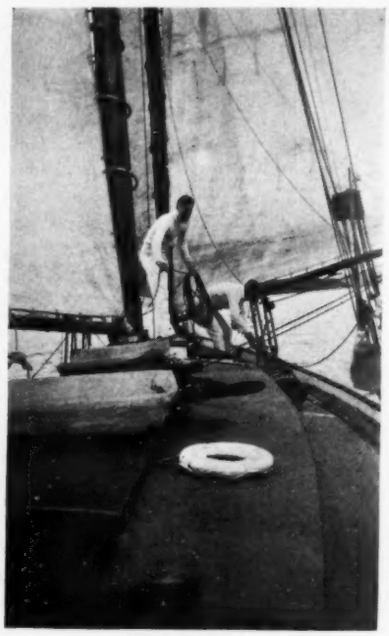
Gauntlet making port at the end of the cruise.

the final net, and found still more as far as the eye could see. It was a wonderful night, all moonlight, great golden stars, glassy sea, and fish nets.

Just as soon as we stole down a lane between two nets and got to seaward of them, the breeze fell dead and we stopped even drifting.

Sunrise off Sambro was a gorgeous thing, and the picture we took of it must surely be unusual for an amateur with a Brownie. As the picture shows, the sea was still glassy.

By 7 o'clock Sambro had been brought abeam, and then a whisper of air caught hold of us, just about when it seemed as if those big breakers off the Island would get us yet. Another of the Norwegian "Q's" came foaming out from behind Sambro, and the breeze she brought was the one we presently got. Not knowing much about the Nova Scotian coast, that little sloop coming gaily out between murderous breakers seemed crazy. We were to learn later that there are plenty of places between breakers where a ship may go safely.



"Wung out."

The chart showed Chebucto Light as a revolving white light, when actually it is a fixed white light with group flashes, four of them. As it happened the error did not bother us simply because we were motionless all night, but it might bother somebody making the land and depending upon identifying the light for his position. There are plenty of fogs around Halifax, and charts need to be kept up to date to be useful.

Off old Chebucto the long disappointing breeze came, and sunshine too. It came suddenly. One minute the old schooner was crawling along at about four knots; the next she was roaring through the crisp seas with her rail well down. A steamer standing across to look us over gave it up after failing to sneak a fathom on us. Of course there was the usual Rum Row off the harbor. This prohibition thing has done more to befoul the clean sea than any pirate of olden time ever did. Any man's vessel is likely to be shot at or run down by a crew of ruffians in the guise of revenue men. Luckily it is not so vilely bad off Nova Scotia as off the United States. The revenue men there seem to have some slight sense of discrimination. They do their work quite as well as those infesting Long Island Sound, too, and there is very little liquor landed.

The breeze was off shore, strong, abeam, and the sea stayed smooth. It is about eight miles from Chebucto to the anchorage of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. *Gauntlet* made it in just the hour flat. Off Litchfield the forestaysail was stowed to leave the deck clear for anchoring. When the anchor was ready, Maughers Beach Light was abreast. There the foresail was taken off, so that we might not storm in among the yachts like a devastating tug.

As often happens to sailing vessels, the wind failed again. The last 200 yards had to be made against a dying breeze, seeking out a good anchorage. The Squadron boats were not yet all in commission, but there were a couple more Norwegian "Q's" or "R's" getting ready to leave for the States. Besides, the moorings were all down ready for the season, and anchorage had to be found away from all those mushrooms and chain.

The club steward rowed out and indicated a spot to us, but we failed to forereach far enough, and let go the anchor just short of where he waited. It was a good anchorage, but there were eight or nine fathom of water there, and it took a sad lot of chain to give her scope enough.

Much might be said about Halifax Harbor. The Northwest Arm has few peers as a deepwater beauty spot. It is sheltered, lovely, and practically tideless. The water is so deep that anchoring is a bit troublesome, or rather getting the anchor up is, but the place compensates even for that.

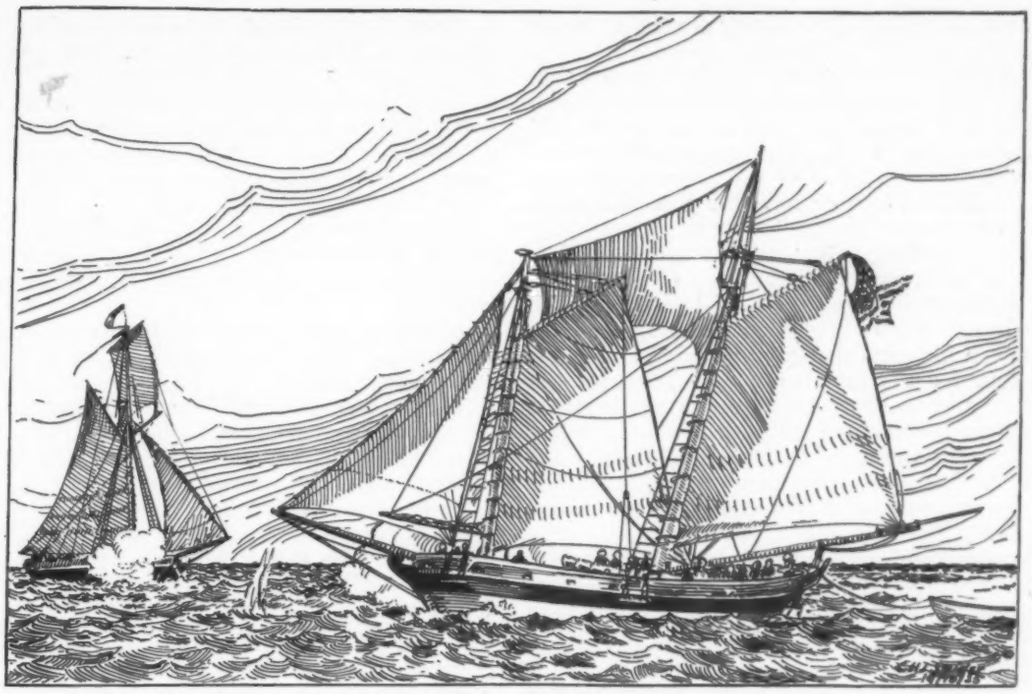
Everybody who has visited the Squadron clubhouse knows how they welcome strangers in Halifax. Very soon after *Gauntlet* arrived she was given a mooring, and that was very well; for the anchor that was down, with 40 fathom of chain, had to be slipped. It had taken two round turns around the foundations of Nova Scotia. It is there still, at the moment of writing.

The passage from Stamford to Halifax, or from any other Nova Scotian port, is full of interest and offers so many little surprises to the navigator that it is strange so few yachts make the trip. The Fundy tides are no joke, it is true, but they can be conquered. Perhaps on another such passage we would allow plenty for current and a bit over, as much as a full point for the second half of the passage from Cashes Ledge. That is, coming from Eastern Point.

Perhaps *Gauntlet* cruises so continually on long passages that we have grown used to storing ship and think

(*Continued on page 84*)

Sunrise in a calm off Sambro.



The *Fair Trader* and the *Polly*, of Salem, exchange compliments.

Privateering with the *Fair Trader*

A Glimpse of Life at Sea Off the New England and Nova Scotian Coasts During the War of 1812

By C. H. J. Snider

WHO'S for a cruise in a Yankee privateer? A dash down east and into the Bay of Fundy for adventure and prize money, while the War of 1812 is all hot with frigate duels and running fights, and Britannia and Columbia are at grips to see who rules the waves?

You will find the little bit of deciphered penmanship which follows less thrilling, perhaps, than *Wing-and-Wing*, or *The Red Rover*. But it's the real thing. Come along in the little *Fair Trader*, of Salem, Capt. John R. Morgan, and you shall hear of cargoes of gin and tobacco, and see how a Yankee shallop masquerades as a New Brunswick pilot boat and picks up a big English ship at the very end of her voyage; how a privateersman fares when he falls overboard, and how the privateering profession is so overcrowded that those of the same nation bang one another with cannon balls until they disclose their identity.

Before signing on let us clear the decks of all shore rubbish. In the first place, well-meaning phrase vendors may have told you that privateering is merely "licensed piracy." Nothing of the sort. A pirate is a water thief who by force of arms robs and murders all and sundry under every flag, including his own, or what was his own flag before he hoisted the Jolly Roger. His hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against him. He can be, and should be, shot on sight, like a mad dog. If, when captured, he is given the formality of a trial before being sent to grace the yardarm or the gibbet, it is for the sake of the example, spreading terror to other evildoers.

But privateering is as different from piracy as day is from night. Of course, there have been privateers — almost always French, Spanish or Portuguese — who have abused their commissions, and who may have turned pirate. But search the records of the privateers of the War of 1812, British and American, and show me one instance of wanton cruelty, one case of murder, one example of robbery. The conduct of the privateersmen on both sides compares very favorably with the conduct of King's officers and of the gentlemen of the United States Navy in that conflict, and their standard was high. The War of 1812 was a clean war. It left no festering hatreds.

Privateersmen were not pirates but patriots, fighting for their country at their own cost entirely, under strict commissions and regulations. They were primarily commerce destroyers, and relieved the Navy of that duty to a large extent. They were also a scout service, constantly in touch with the enemy; and American privateers performed the additional duty of examining hundreds of vessels in the coastwise trade for contraband.

This extensive auxiliary navy was maintained at the cost of the enemy entirely. The privateers were allowed to keep the proceeds of the prizes they took, but only after such prizes had been duly condemned by a national admiralty court. They had to give heavy bonds that they would abide by all the regulations imposed by their country. In the case of the United States these were so humane that they forbade the molestation of enemy vessels bound with supplies for the British lighthouse and lifesaving station on that graveyard of the Atlantic, Sable Island. Individual owners frequently supplemented these with strict orders not to interfere with poor fishermen, even under the enemy flag. Kindness towards prisoners of war was always enjoined, and instructions were most particular regarding honorable treatment of women who might be passengers in captured vessels. Personal property of all passengers was to be treated as sacred.

Having purged ourselves of the piracy charge let us see how we are to share our prize money.

Like some fishing schooners today, "the ship takes half." That is to reimburse the owners for their outlay, because they have to find the provisions and powder and shot for the cruise, as well as the great and small guns, and the ship herself. The other half of the proceeds of each prize we take is divided into shares. One plan the privateers favored was known as the "system approved by John Paul Jones," making 300 shares altogether, with a large proportion for the commander, and smaller numbers, according to rank, until 240 shares had been accounted for. The remaining 60 were kept for contingencies, extra rewards, and such like. Another plan was five shares for the captain, four for the first lieutenant, three for the boatswain, carpenter and gunner, two each for the prize masters, one each for the able seamen, and half a share each for the boys. It varied according to the ship. I can tell you many things about our gallant *Fair Trader*, but I don't know the particular share system she uses. Take my word for it — you will be fairly treated.

It is the custom, by the way, to distinguish any prizes we may take and send in, by a private signal — the English ensign union down at the bowsprit, or a tarpaulin over the bunt of the fore topsail, or such like — a practice which sometimes saves trouble, as you may see.

And now as to our ship herself. I warned you she was small, and I hope you will not be disappointed in her. She is only 44 feet from stem to stern. She is a bit narrow for her day, when three beams to a length was considered slim enough. Her breadth is only 13 feet 5 inches. She is 5 feet 8 inches deep in the hold, and she measures 29 tons. She is a pinky — apple-bowed, with her bulwarks carried up in a graceful sheer as they run aft until they meet. The narrow V they form as they come together curls up behind the helmsman's head. It, the V, not the helmsman's head, has a crescent cut in it, in which the main boom can be crotched. The sternpost has a sharp rake aft, and the rudder head comes up inside the V of the stern. Our bowsprit steeves up like a modern fisherman's, which keeps the jib out of the water. The foremast is in the eyes of her, and the mainmast is canted aft with a sharp rake. We have a squaresail for running, and we have two foresails — a loosefooted one, which sheets home to the taffrail, and is a bear on a reach, but a wildcat to handle; and a boom foresail which we can bend in its place, and is handier for working. The loosefooted or lug foresail has this merit, that it can be brailed to the mast and got completely out of the way when we want to work our nine-pounder gun, planted amidships. That, and a dozen boarding pikes, cutlasses, pistols and muskets, is what we have to fight with; and there are just twenty of us all told. Rather a spunky thing to do, to take on his Britannic Majesty's navy on such terms, eh what?

Now, all hands aboard, on the Fourth of July, 1812, and out we shoot from Salem harbor. Butler Fogarty of Salem is part owner, along with Capt. John R. Morgan. Our old man wields a quill of the old school, and he keeps the log with "ye" for the definite article and long s's which look like f's. He is not unimaginative, but he is sometimes disappointingly laconic. "Took another" is sometimes sufficient for his record of making a prize. And he never troubles to give the names of his captures.

"July 4th. — At 6 A.M. took in squaresail. At 8 A.M. saw a sail to ye S-ward; gave chase. At 10 came up and found ye schooner *Fame* of Yarmouth, Cape Cod, Capt. Lee, from ye Banks. Boarded him and advised him to make the best of his way home. (The war was only three weeks old and the fisherman had not yet heard of it.) At 11 A.M. saw another fishing schooner.

"July 5. — At 4 P.M. saw a sail standing to ye S-ward, gave chase. At 8 P.M., night coming on, gave over chase. Tacked to ye N. and E. At 10 P.M. lay by under reefed mainsail. Sounded but found no bottom. At 3 A.M. unbent ye lug foresail and bent ye boom foresail. At 5 A.M. spoke ye schooner *Sally* of Provincetown, Cape Cod, bound home from ye Banks. At 8 saw a sail in ye N.E., gave chase."

There were no handy gasoline auxiliaries in those days, and if the wind was light the privateersman thought nothing of tugging at the long white-ash sweeps by the hour, even in vessels much larger than the *Fair Trader*. The sweeps were also useful in maneuvering the privateers, which were far from being as quick on the helm as a modern yacht.

The non-technical reader should note that in the *Fair Trader's* log the days begin and end at noon, as was until recently the custom afloat. The chase begun at 8 o'clock in the morning continued past twelve o'clock, and therefore ran into another "day."

"July 6. — At 1 P.M. got out sweeps; at 2 P.M. in sweeps and hauled too (Capt. Morgan always "hauls too" and "brings too") finding ye chase to be a sloop armed and full of men. She fired three shots at us. Drawing upon us she hoisted an American burgee, which we could not well distinguish and fired two more guns, which we returned. Towards 5 P.M. (nine hours after sighting her) we found her to be ye *Polly* of Salem. Rounded to and spoke him. A strange sail hove in sight. Gave chase in company. At dark lay by. At 6 A.M. made sail, hearing the report of a gun. Discovered sail in S.E. Gave chase.

"Sunday, July 7. — Continuing chase, at 5 P.M. spoke a British brig, which we found to be a prize to ye schooner *Dolphin*, Jacob Endicott, ye brig from St. Andrews in New Brunswick, with flour and lumber. Wore round and chased a schooner which we found to be ye *Dolphin*. Another sail in sight. At 1–2 past 7 spoke Capt. Endicott on a wind, standing to westward. He informed us that he had taken two prizes and that one of the sail in sight was a twenty-gun ship which had chased him and ye sloop *Polly*, in particular with his boats, but could not inform us of ye sloop's fate. At 8 P.M. Seal Island bore E.N.E. 6 or 7 leagues."

The *Polly*, of Salem, was a famous privateer sloop, which took many British prizes. Another American privateer of the same name was the schooner *Polly*, built at Amesbury in 1805, and afloat and doing business as a coaster a hundred years afterwards!

The *Fair Trader* was now close to the western extremity of Nova Scotia. The following day she saw several sails but did not chase them, not wishing to spread the alarm on the coast where it was necessary to make a call.

"July 9. — Pleasant weather. Ran in to an anchor to ye northward of Pleasant Bay. At 4 A.M. weighed and ran inshore to anchor, get wood and ballast. At 11 weighed and sailed. Spoke a brig which proved to be a prize to ye *Madison*, of Cape Ann (a prosperous American privateer). Boarded a sloop from Eastport, bound to harbor with fresh herring.

"July 10. — These 24 hours worked upshore. At meridian spoke ye *Jefferson*, of Salem, bound home — had lost one man in an action with a British ship, which was afterwards taken by a privateer from Cape Ann. Made ye land near Little River (in Maine).

"July 11.—Went on shore and got a pilot for Little River. At 11 P.M. still very calm, came to an anchor. At 7 A.M. got under weigh and came too in Little River. Filled up our water and got a pilot and three men, which completes our number. Put ye small arms in order. So ends."

Speaking of pilots, they made a good thing out of

privateering. In the articles of agreement of one privateer's crew which I have before me the pilot is allowed 4½ shares. The captain only got five, and the lieutenants four and three. The brother of our Captain Morgan was a pilot. I am not sure that he was the pilot picked up for Little River; possibly not. But I have seen his certificate, or license, for the port of Passamaquoddy and rivers Copscook and Schodiac. He was allowed to charge from $1 to 50 cents, per foot of draught, from 21 feet down to 9 feet, from April to November. From November to April his fees were higher, in some cases double the fee for summer work.

"July 12. — At 1 P.M. came on board. At 3 a sail in sight. Got under weigh and chased with our sweeps, there being very little wind. A thick fog set in. Lost sight, stood down the Bay.

"At 12 meridian Southward (one of the hands) fell overboard. Out small boat and saved him. Hazy at 6 A.M. Saw a sail, chased her with sweeps. At 8 A.M. came up, found her to be an English schooner laden with gin and tobacco. Captured her. Sent I. Peabody and two men in her for Salem, ye capt'n in her (as a prisoner). Took two men (the remainder of her crew) on board ye privateer.

"Monday July 13. — Commences with light breezes. At 3 P.M. took a fishing boat and rowed up to Dipper Harbor in search of a ship. Found none. Anchored ye privateer meantime. At 7 boat returned. At 8 got under way. At 2 A.M. saw a schooner and brought her too. Found her to be an enemy. Captured her. Sent ye 2nd lieutenant in her with three men and ye capt'n (another prisoner-passenger). At 4 took another, sent Mr. Davis with 2 men. At 11 saw a sail off ye Grand Manan, gave chase."

What follows is a model of brevity in describing a neat bit of strategy which must have netted thousands of dollars to the enterprising Captain Morgan.

"July 14. — Continued calm. At 4 P.M. discovered her to be a large English ship. At 5 P.M. worked up to her. Ye ship lay by on seeing a small boat to windward. Run up alongside and enquired of ye capt'n if he wanted a pilot. He being very suspicious ordered us to hoist our boat out. Rounded too and gave him a gun, which he struck to. Immediately secured ye prisoners and found she was a large, light ship from Bristol (the *Jarrett*), bound for St. Andrew's for lumber. Put ye 1st lieutenant on board with ye gunner and 6 men. Took on board 13 men, prisoners.

"Wind light. Hauled under Campobello. Saw ye small schooner we took early ye day before. At 10 A.M. spoke two Marblehead privateers. At meridian went into Machias in order to put our prisoners on shore."

Privateers got $25 apiece for prisoners of war delivered into custody, and it was high time now for the *Fair Trader* to "unload," for after manning her prizes she had more prisoners on board than she had privateersmen. I have seen the receipt of Jeremiah O'Brien, collector at the Customs House at Machias, for the following "sundry persons (nineteen in all) taken from on board sundry English vessels captured by sch'n'r *Fair Trader:*"

John Payton, mate, American.
John Green, seaman, American.
James Samuels, seaman, American.
Abraham Cranhin, seaman, American.
Nicholas Duran, carpenter, French.
Franciso Cassallan, seaman, Italian.
Francisco Vehere, seaman, Italian.
John Joseph, seaman, Portuguese.
John Pinto, seaman, Portuguese.
Jarah Amas, seaman, Hamburgher.
William Bond, seaman, Hamburgher.
Andrew Patterson, seaman, Swede.
Patrick Butler, passenger, Irish.
Nicholas Delaherty, passenger, English.
Nathaniel Carlow, seaman, American.
Nicholas Nicholas, seaman, Swede.
Benjamin Reed, passenger, American.
Thomas Wilbur, seaman, American.

It is significant that only one of these prisoners from English ships was English, and he a passenger. The explanation may be, in part, that the severity of impressment had denuded British ships of British seamen. Foreigners were safer in British ships than British seamen. That might account for such curious "Swedish" names as Nicholas Nicholas and Andrew Patterson; or for William Bond being a Hamburgher. British seamen sought and obtained citizenship in foreign states to avoid being dragged from British ships by the pressgang. The Americans mentioned had undoubtedly shipped in this last vessel when she left Bristol before the news of declaration of war had arrived. But we must on with our log.

"July 15, continued. — At 4 P.M. got under way to beat down. At 5 P.M., going in stays, got aground and lay till 4 A.M. Shipped four men with an intention of going round ye Bay (of Fundy, continuing the cruise) and got under way for Little River, very foggy. Arrived there at 10 A.M. Found one of our prizes (which had preceded the *Fair Trader* into this harbor, leaking badly) in my opinion not seaworthy. Went on shore and walked to Little Machias. So ends.

"Thursday, July 15. — (Captain Morgan becomes confused over the days of the week at sea, as many a man has been, before and since his time.) "Filled up the water casks, got some more ballast, trimmed ship, got six more men for this cruise. At 8 A.M. returned on board. At 10 took two men out of ye prize (the unseaworthy one) and left one to take care of her. Got under way, spoke with a sloop from Boston, bound to Eastport. Informed us they were chased by an English privateer. Was also informed of a three-masted schooner being off Campobello. (A rarity of rig in 1812, and a possible prize.) However, concluded to proceed up the Bay."

That is not all there is, but it is all there is time for just now. Perhaps, though, you can spare a moment for what one of Captain Morgan's crew wrote about another cruise which that redoubtable privateersman made in the following year, a deepwater cruise in the large private armed schooner *Enterprise*. Captain Morgan was not a New Englander, but was born in Philadelphia, which may account for his recorded remarks about the (New England) "Yankees" of his crew. The *Enterprise* was built in Salem for Captain Morgan and several other owners, for the express purpose of privateering.

"On January 22, 1813, when we was going to cut the foremast, after everything was got ready I heard the people (the old style of denoting the members of a ship's company) saying to each other they would not do anything towards hoisting the mast again, for they were sure it would go through her bottom, and all agreed not to assist.

"The doctor was there and heard the same agreement and told the capt'n of it, but the capt'n said o dam the people we must not mind the people.

"Shortly after that I heard the capt'n order the 2nd lieutenant to cut away. I told him that the people would not do anything towards it and there was too much sea on. The other officers said they thought it was not prudent. The capt'n said he would have no more to-do about it, for he saw plainly what sort of officers he had to deal with and went aft in a rage, swearing he would be damm'd if he did not let those Yankees know who they had to deal

(*Continued on page 86*)

Stars Twinkle on Chesapeake Bay

By NEWCOMB LEONARDE

THROUGH the efforts of the Miles River Yacht Club in the interest of promoting Star Class racing on Chesapeake Bay, Sir Thomas Lipton has offered a cup emblematic of the championship of Chesapeake Bay. A series of races will be sailed some time this summer off St. Michaels, Maryland, and should furnish keen competition, as there are now some 34 of these popular boats making their home ports on this delightful body of water.

The foremost club interested in Star Class racing is the Gibson Island Club, made up of Baltimore men who have become real Star enthusiasts. It is largely through the efforts of Nathaniel S. Kenney, of the Bay Star Class Association, that the Gibson Island Club now numbers the most boats of this class of any club in the United States. There are now 20 boats raced by the members every week end, the last eight having been added to the club fleet last year. These were built at Solomon's Island, and the building of them so enthused the residents there that they are now building several boats for their own use and for competition with other Stars of the Bay. When it is considered that the Stars have only been established on the bay for two years the remarkable hold that this class has on the sailing man is evidenced.

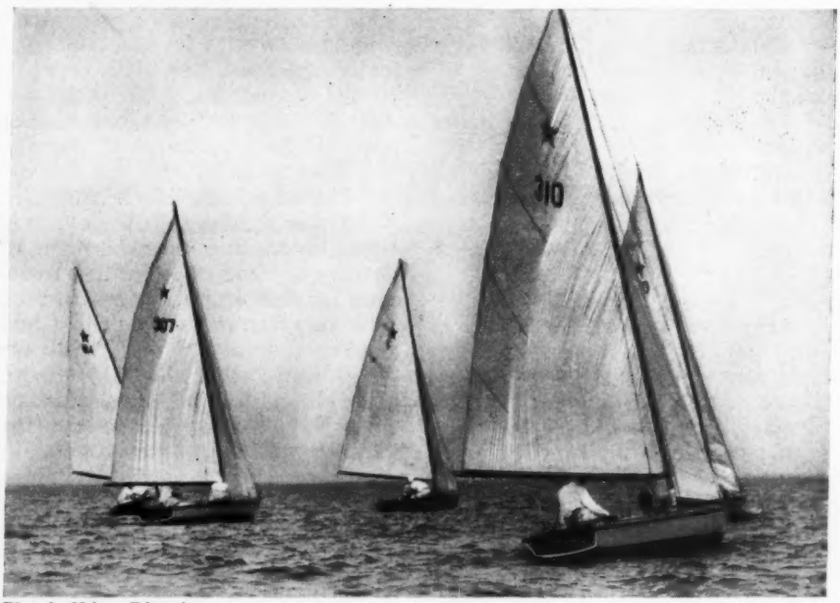


Photo by Nelson Edwards

Stars of the Gibson Island Yacht Club nearing the finish of one of their weekly races on Chesapeake Bay.

With the building of several boats at St. Michaels there will be four well groomed fleets on the Bay, made up of the Gibson Island fleet, Miles River fleet, Solomon's Island fleet and the Hampton Roads fleet, altogether numbering some 34 boats.

The Philadelphia Corinthian Yacht Club is also having nine boats built with which to meet the Gibson Island fleet in their summer regatta. This activity at Philadelphia is largely due to the interest of the Kents of Philadelphia, who have for years made Chesapeake Bay their summer cruising waters, and since the formation of the Gibson Island Club have made the club anchorage their summer port. Five of these boats are being built at a Long Island Sound yard and the other four at Wilmington, Delaware.

There is a strong probability that six new boats will be added to the Gibson Island fleet this summer by new members who have expressed themselves as keenly interested in the week end contests.

One of the interesting developments is the remarkable skill displayed by the youngsters of this club in handling these boats. Both boys and girls, under competent instruction, have developed real skill and in contests staged between fathers, sons and daughters the youngsters have almost invariably shown the greater ability, the general run of races having shown surprisingly few mistakes on the part of the junior racing contingent. One crippled boy who regularly sails a Star boat has become a real expert in the handling of his little ship.

The races for the Gibson Island Cup will be sailed under the Rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound. There will be a series of nine races starting on Sunday, May 9, 1926, and sailed on each succeeding Sunday up to and including Sunday, July 4, 1926. At least five races to be completed. In the event that five races are not sailed the Committee will designate additional days either prior to or after July 4, 1926.

To qualify, a boat must sail at least 60% of the races that are finished. The four leading boats after the race of June 13th must sail at least two of the three remaining races, and one of these shall be the race of July 4th. The Racing Committee reserves the right to modify this last clause in case of a breakdown, sickness, or other unavoidable cause, but in any event a boat must sail 60% of races finished.

Altogether the season of 1926 will be the most active one for many years, not only among the Stars but in all classes. The sailing boat is again coming into its own on the Bay, there being several other classes which are raced regularly. The most active class aside from Stars is the fleet of the Sherwood Forest Club, all duck boats which are well adapted to the shallow waters of the upper Severn River where it enlarges into Round Bay.

The auxiliaries are well represented on the Bay this year. *Harpoon* (formerly Bill Nutting's schooner) is resplendent after a beautiful job of overhauling, and J. Rulon Miller, Jr., her owner-skipper, looks for some good cruising on the lower bay. Charles M. Stuven's 72-foot auxiliary bugeye belonging to the Maryland Yacht Club fleet is also in top condition. *Glendoveer*, Ernest L. Dinning's 74-foot schooner, is being conditioned at Baltimore preparatory to moving to her summer moorings on South River.

Baltimore people are awake this season to the wonderful cruising waters they have at their front door. For the stranger, a spring or fall cruise in Chesapeake Bay will open new delights, as all know who have taken the inland route to Florida.

Propellers and Reverse Gears for Auxiliaries

By S. S. Pierce

THAT the propeller of an auxiliary should be "somewhere under the stern," and not under the bow, is about the only point upon which owners and designers of auxiliaries seem to agree. They will argue in and out of the deadwood and all around the sternpost, each maintaining that his particular position or angle is best. To the novice, this is confusing, to say the least, and after listening to such an argument, he will perhaps look about the yards only to find that boats seem to have propellers sticking out from most anywhere under the stern and all apparently doing very nicely.

The question is really a complicated one, and should be studied, first of all, by defining that little word "best." What do we mean by best? The position which gives the best propeller efficiency under power, or the least drag when under sail, or which is most practicable to install in a boat not originally intended for power, or which permits of installing the engine farthest aft (or lowest down in the hull), or off center to avoid a mast, or some combination of these desiderata? Or perhaps there is some arrangement possible embodying all of these. Unfortunately the last is impossible; if it were not, Utopia would not be far off.

Fig. I shows the amidships position with propeller revolving in an opening in the deadwood. Until quite recently this was the most common arrangement, and for very large vessels, still is. The advantages of this arrangement consist mainly in complete protection for the propeller and engine well down in the hull. The disadvantages are, that a feathering wheel cannot be used without cutting away the deadwood unduly. That (assuming, of course, a two-bladed wheel) the relatively thick deadwood immediately forward, and the rudder immediately aft of the wheel greatly impair its driving efficiency, and the periodic passing of this dead area by both blades at once, causes vibration and irregular thrust. Just how much this opening in the deadwood affects the sailing qualities of the vessel has never been scientifically determined, and probably never will be. Obviously, however, the smaller the hole, the better the craft will sail, and, the larger the hole, the better the driving efficiency of the wheel. It is conceivable that a reversing (not feathering) wheel with blades in the vertical position in a very carefully designed opening, faces of blades parallel to line of shaft, might completely close up this space to all practical intents and purposes, thereby having little or no effect on the sailing qualities.

The arrangement in Fig. II has some slight advantage over that in Fig. I, namely, the wheel is a little further away from the body of the boat. The opening in the rudder must of course be larger in order to clear the propeller when hard over. In other words, Fig. II gives better propeller efficiency, but greater interference with sailing qualities, than Fig. I. In some cases this arrangement results in rather erratic steering under power.

Fig. III shows an off-center installation which is becoming increasingly popular. When installed in fast, easily-driven hulls in combination with a small feathering wheel and high-speed engine, this arrangement seems to combine a great many advantages, *i.e.*, it gives the maximum propeller efficiency possible with a small high-speed wheel, hence a very small light engine which takes up but little space. Owing to this, the shaft, strut, and wheel are also small, and, as a feathering wheel can be used, the drag when under sail is less than any other arrangement. It must be borne in mind, however, that the success of such a combination is contingent on a light, easily driven hull. Where there is no mast in the way, the engine need not be off center, but installed as shown in Fig. IV with the shaft at a slight angle, thus allowing the engine to be placed further aft, and lower down in the hull. This should not be done in very small craft, as in that case the angle would become great enough to impair the driving efficiency as well as increase the drag of the outboard section of the shaft.

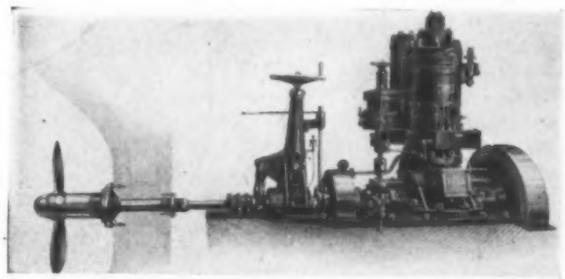


Fig. V. A low pressure Bolinder's oil engine with reversible propeller blades.

Reverse gears on all four-cycle engines seem to be a necessary evil, necessary because the law requires "means of reversing," an evil, for many reasons: The length of the engine is greatly increased by a reverse gear, in very small power plants it sometimes doubles the length, and every inch of length counts in an auxiliary. If much maneuvering is done under power the usual type of gear with its brake-bands, dog clutch, and train of planetary gears, requires frequent adjustment, and of course, the farther aft it is the more inaccessible these parts become — very often under the cockpit floor where there is almost no headroom at all. A few engine builders in this country have at last broken through the fog of prejudice and conservatism by incorporating reduction gears in their reverse gear mechanism. This is probably the first step (and possibly the longest) towards providing a power plant *for auxiliaries* and will be a great relief after countless years of trying to adapt engines primarily

(*Continued on page 88*)

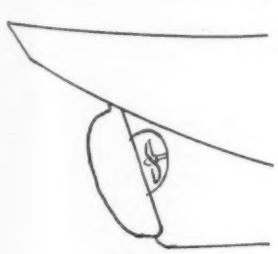


Fig. I

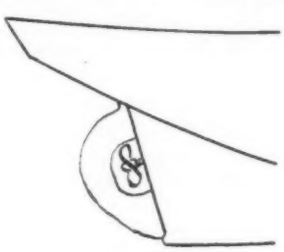


Fig. II

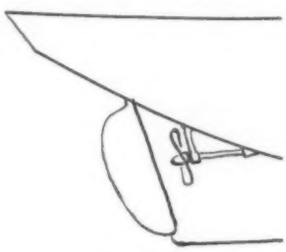


Fig. III

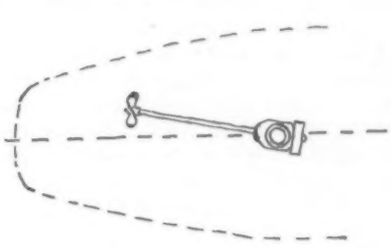


Fig. IV

Putting One Over on the Currents

And Some Animadversions on the Three-G Method of Piloting

By J. T. Rown

IN a cruising race last summer several of the contestants managed to get themselves pretty thoroughly lost right on Long Island Sound, and one or two of the vessels even ran aground. This rather amazing circumstance was attributed by certain crestfallen skippers to the prevailing combination of fog, light airs, tidal currents and the unfortunate necessity of continuing underway because they were in a race.

Well, they showed sportsmanship right enough and it isn't our purpose to rub it in. We couldn't gracefully do that after having run "Greg" Mason's yawl aground three times in one afternoon going through inside the Norwalk Islands where we used to wade when we were young. But it would be hard to find a better example of a sin to which all of us are prone, the well-known "guess" method of allowing for tidal set. When you stop to think of it, there is something ludicrous about plotting a course with meticulous nicety and then failing to make anything approaching an exact allowance for a current.

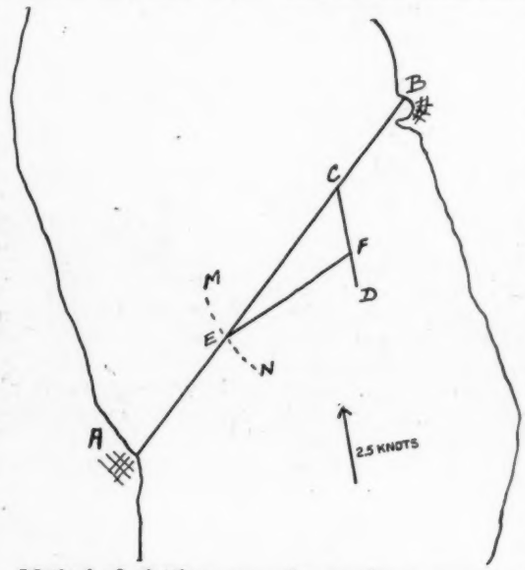
To be sure, if the vessel is fast and the current only slight it *may* sometimes be better to ignore it. At least you will know on which side your course is going to err. But to make an "allowance" which for all you know reverses the error, and above all to do this on a craft whose speed is only two or three times that of the current, is to court uncertainty and invite disaster. There are plenty of times right on little old Long Island Sound when a vessel making six knots has to deal with a current making two, and that is a factor to be seriously and earnestly considered. In thick weather it is quite sufficient to spill the beans.

Most of us do well enough when we are crossing the current at right angles. That is just a case of aiming for a point on the far shore as far above our objective as the current, in the estimated time of crossing, will tend to set us down below it. And, of course, when we are running with or against the tide the solution is one of simple addition or subtraction, applied to the apparent speed of ship. But when the crossing is diagonal a disturbing factor enters in, for then the current not only sets us down but affects our true speed as well. The latter element upsets our estimate of the time needed to cross, which in turn affects the distance by which we are going to be set down. And when we start correcting for that we find ourselves meeting the current at a different angle, which upsets all previous calculations and makes us begin anew. The man who can solve this simple little problem in his head has yet to be found outside of a lunatic asylum. Yet it is what we all try to do when we say: "Oh, a quarter-point will take care of that drift, all right."

Without wishing to seem didactic we believe the following may be stated as a fact: When a current is worth considering at all it is worth plotting as a component of the course. It is a simple and easy thing to do if one goes about it right, but it is astonishing how many otherwise good navigators fall down on the solution. They start to draw their diagram at the wrong end.

Let's take a simple case for a starter. In the figure, we shall assume that one wishes to go across a tidal water from A to B. The direction of the current is denoted by the arrow on the chart, and its average velocity during the time of crossing has been discovered to be 2½ knots. Speed of vessel, 6 knots. (Further on we shall say something about the determination of these elements.) Desired: the course one should steer to hit B on the nose.

Draw the line AB. From any convenient point, C, on the line AB draw a line, CD, parallel with the current arrow but in the opposite direction. On CD mark off the distance CF equal by scale to 2½ nautical miles. Then with F as a centre describe an arc, MN, with a radius of 6 nautical miles representing the speed of the vessel. Where this arc cuts AB mark the point E. EF will then be the desired course; that is to say, it is the *direction* in which one should steer during the crossing in order to make good the course AB. The construction of the figure makes this clear, for it simply means that while you are going from E to F *through the water* the current will have set you down to C. Naturally, the direction EF must be referred to the chart's compass rose to give you the actual compass course to steer.



Method of plotting course for crossing a current diagonally. E-F is proper course to steer to go from A to B.

Anyone who does not wish to mark up his chart can draw the diagram just as well on a piece of paper if he will first ascertain the angle ECD, and will draw CF and EF to scale. He may then measure the angle CEF with a protractor and apply the same to the line AB, being careful to put it on the proper side. Incidentally, EC will be the distance actually made good in an hour *over the bottom*, and this will enable you to calculate the time the run will take — which otherwise you could only have done by guess. But it is to be observed that the time of crossing is not a factor in determining the course, except insofar as it affects the behavior of the tide.

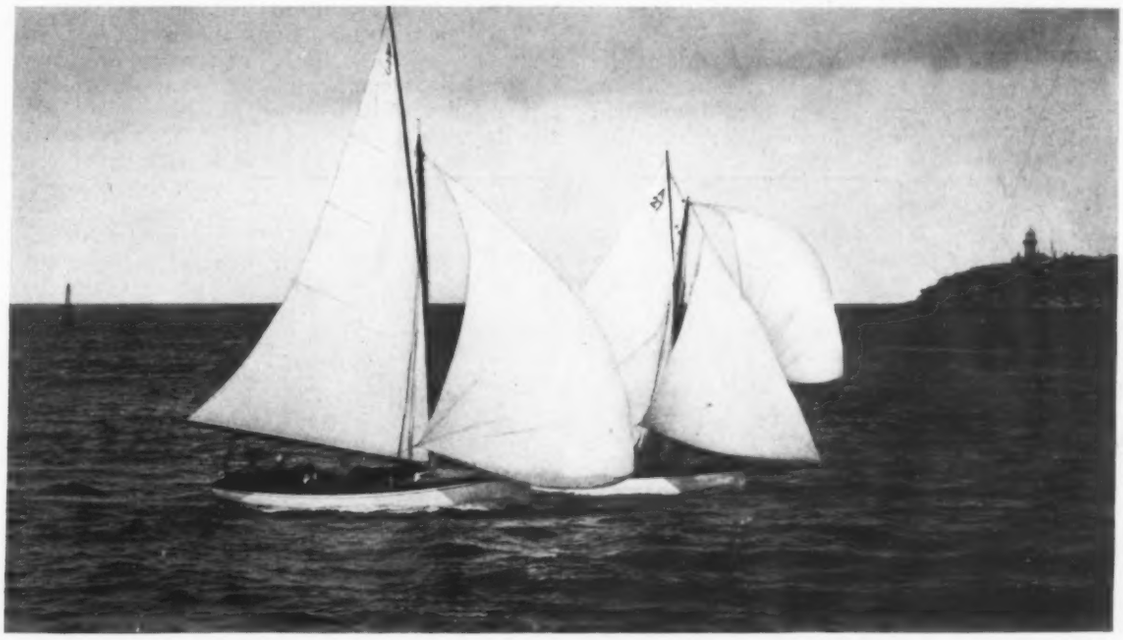
The problem may be complicated in various ways. On leaving Tadoussac to proceed up the St. Lawrence estuary towards Quebec we were obliged on one rather harrowing occasion to run all day through a dense fog on various courses without once getting a definite fix. Not only did the courses vary by as much as 60° but the velocity and direction of the current were in a constant state of change and the boat's speed varied too. Since the tide ran in some places as fast as 5 knots and the boat made anywhere from 5 to 8, depending on the amount of head sea, it will be seen that we could not afford to trust to luck. However, we found that by treating as a separate problem each run, or portion of a run, where the factors were fairly

constant, we made out well enough. Even in such a simple case as that given in our diagram above it would probably be better to work out three progressive courses, owing to the fact that the current runs faster in the middle than near the shores. And, of course, where the time consumed on passage is such as to cause a marked change in the tidal flow it will be necessary to plot the course by stages. Averages are not safe in that event.

So far we have dealt chiefly with the powerboat, where one's speed is fairly well known. But how about the sailing craft whose speed it is not possible to predict?

Well, that is where judgment comes in; and judgment is a sailorman's middle name. But having used the same to plot his initial course he must be constantly checking up his speed by taffrail log or any other device at his command, and drawing fresh diagrams to fit the changing facts. Nothing is more fatal than holding to one course despite alterations in the vessel's speed. The actual course and distance made good, ascertained with due regard for leeway and drift, should serve as the starting point for each new stage.

Accurate data on tidal currents is available, but it is not enough to trust to the arrows on the charts. Nor can one rely solely upon the tide tables for time of change: in many places the current will keep on running for some minutes or even hours after the tide has changed. But between the Coast Pilots, Government tide tables and charts one has little excuse for going wrong. Most valuable of all are the special tidal charts annexed to our Coast Pilots, which show the direction and force of tidal currents for each hour after high water at some established port. The ebb current is not *always* equal and opposite to the flood. A careful study of tidal conditions is essential if one expects to make reasonably good landfalls.



Nip and tuck! Racing off Sydney Heads, Australia, in one of the small classes popular with the yachtsmen of the Antipodes.

When the Packet Gets the Gun

PERHAPS you've swallowed salty spray all through a choppy beat;
You've wallowed on before the wind — not always quite a treat.
You've taken duckings rounding marks, you've lost a lot to lee;
You've struggled with a spinnaker that simply won't *blow free;*
But all forgot is chill of brine, and hard work seems like fun
When, sweeping in across the line, the packet gets the gun!

Perhaps, a long cold afternoon, you've fought a lashing rain,
With grey-green water o'er the rail, and each tack seeming vain;
You've shivered in your oilskins dank thoughout a hopeless drive,
And all the praise that soothed your pains a "Cat' sake, look alive!"
But ah! that glorious feeling when the boss shouts "Let 'er run!"
As you discover, after all, the packet gets the gun!

The skipper's singing at the wheel; the crew beside the mast
Is dancing sailors' hornpipes now the finish flag is past.
Perhaps their arms and backs are lame from hauling on the sheet;
But aches and blisters lose their sting when there is no defeat.
You ease her to her mooring at the setting of the sun—
Oh boy! the world is golden when the packet gets the gun!

I've longed, on sleety legs, to seek the haven of a hatch;
I've craved the club piazza, in a scorching drifting-match;
I've looked at banged and blistered hands with glances full of woe —
But every race finds me on deck a r'arin' for to go —
For, though this world is full of joys, I'm sure there isn't one
To rival that great moment when the packet gets the gun!

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.

The New Barnegat Bay-Manasquan River Canal

To be of Great Value to Yachtsmen in Making the New Jersey Bays Accessible

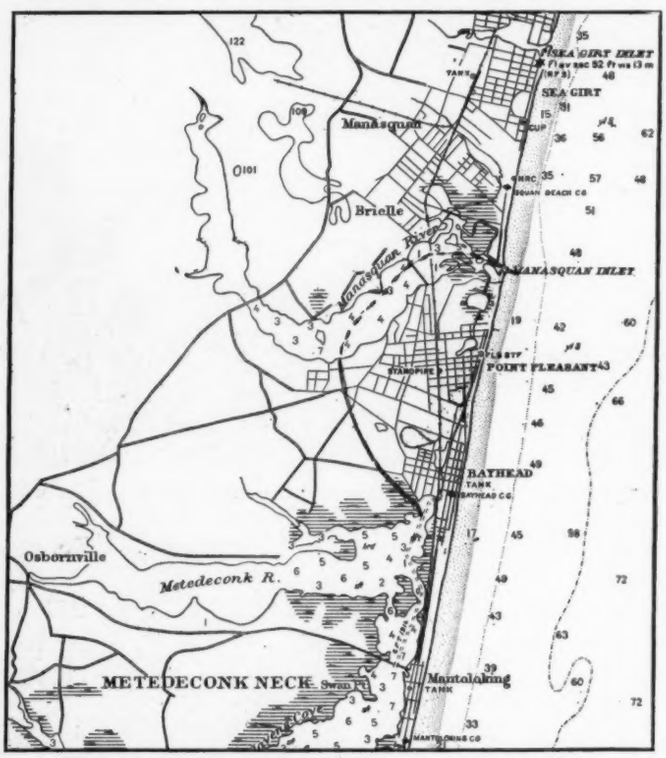
By CHARLES E. LUCKE, JR.

THE first link in what will eventually be a new coastal waterway was completed recently when the waters of Manasquan River and Barnegat Bay mingled for the first time. The Manasquan-Bay Head canal, completed after a hundred years of repeated efforts, marks the first step in a waterway which will be carried up to the Shrewsbury River, thus connecting New York Bay and Cape May Harbor by a direct water route.

Extending from Bay Head, at the head of Barnegat Bay, the new canal runs northward for two miles to the Manasquan River. The waterway is 100 feet wide at the bottom with a mean depth of over six feet. The contract has already been awarded to deepen the Manasquan River and Inlet and with the approach of the coming yachting season the entire project should be completed.

The inland waterways along the coast of New Jersey extend from the head of Barnegat Bay southward for a distance of about 100 nautical miles to Cape May Harbor (formerly called Cold Spring Inlet). The completion of the recent project is of inestimable benefit, as at present vessels bound southward from New York and wishing to use this waterway must pass outside on the open ocean for a distance of 43 miles to Barnegat Inlet. Manasquan Inlet is about 20 miles north of Barnegat Inlet, so that the new connection reduces the outside run to about 23 miles.

By cutting down this distance from New York, the splendid fishing, cruising, and yacht racing grounds of Barnegat Bay are made accessible to Long Island Sound yachtsmen. Moreover, the beneficial effects of the two inlets, Barnegat and Manasquan, have already become evident as the scouring and deepening of the channels are apparent. It is expected that the flow of salt water through the Bay will improve fishing to a marked extent.



The new Manasquan-Bay Head Canal at last a reality.

The new canal is by no means a recent project as among some documents stored in an attic of a Point Pleasant home, was found recently a certificate of capital stock issued for the canal project on November 4th, 1847, just 89 years ago. The stock sold for $5.00 a share. The certificate was a plain piece of white paper about 4 x 7 inches, printed in black ink, with "The Manasquan River and Barnegat Bay Canal" printed across the top. This document proves that the project was foremost in the minds of the earliest settlers here and many of the present day inhabitants of the Jersey Coast look on the canal as a fulfillment of a life-long hope. As a matter of fact, the canal dates back beyond this. In 1833 the Manasquan River and Bay Head Canal Co. was authorized to make a canal 40 feet wide and five feet deep, to erect tide gates and to take toll for passing through the canal at the rate of 25¢ a ton. This earliest waterway was to run up along near the beach, but the change has been made to the present route because the land was cheaper and fewer bridges were needed.

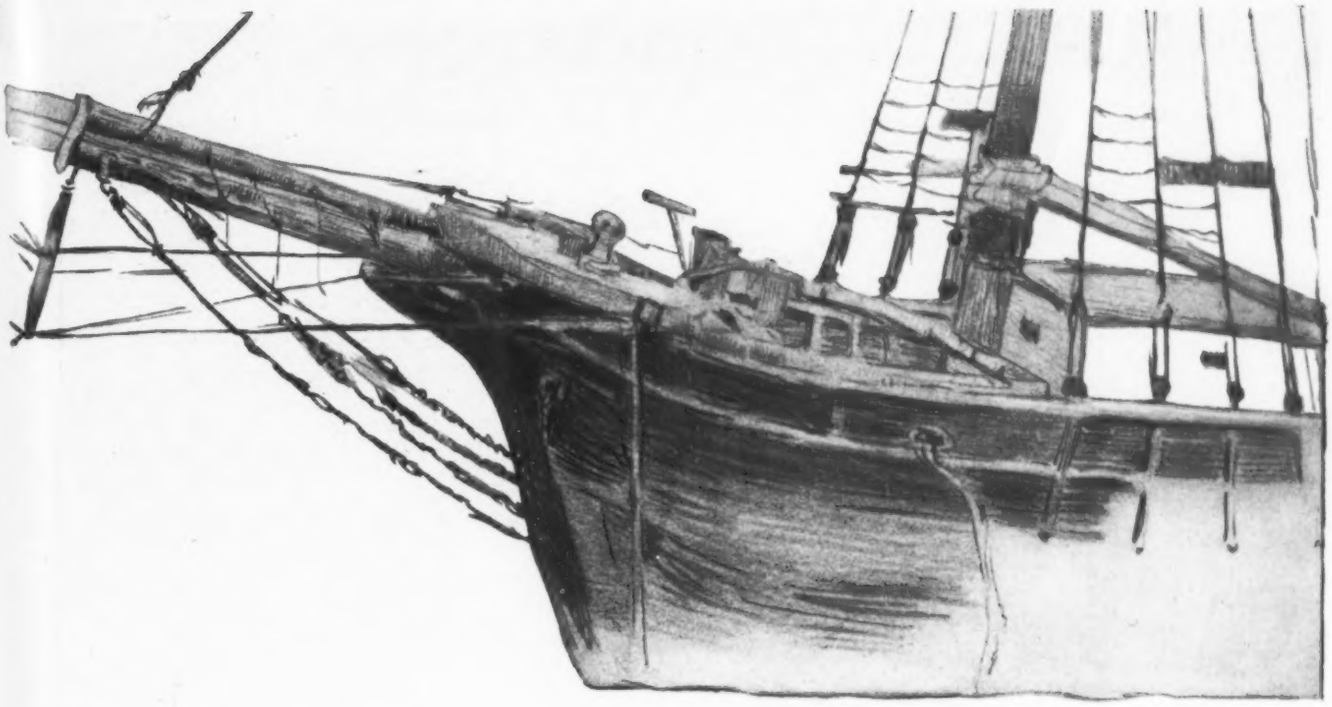
Work on the present canal started 14 years ago, but before that time, while J. F. Fort was Governor, the survey had been completed. Just now the water comes in Squan Inlet and runs through the canal southward into the Bay, except at dead low water at Manasquan Inlet. Metedeconk River fishermen have been catching flounders in that stream where fresh water perch were prevalent before. The water has become so salt that the fresh water fish have left for the headwaters of the stream.

It is thought that the upper bay, now having a direct inlet from the sea, may increase the amount of oyster growing bottom from the mouth of Toms River northward. The portion of the bay south of Seaside Park is already heavily planted with oyster beds with a large, increasing yearly output.

While the state of New Jersey will complete the project, Federal aid is being sought for a permanent protective structure at Manasquan Inlet, as it is believed that only a costly jetty can keep this open. The Inlet here has always worked toward the north and then closed up, as is shown by an act of 1847, chartering a company to build a canal and directing that locks should be used so that the canal gates could be closed when the inlet closed. The shiftiness of the inlet here is not an insurmountable obstacle, however, and navigation may well be brisk over the new waterway next summer. The channel at Barnegat Inlet is constantly shifting and yet this entrance never closes to navigation, although the channel buoys have to be moved occasionally to mark the altered channel.

The tidal effects of the new project have been much discussed by Jersey baymen. It is high tide on the coast when it is low tide in the upper bay. When the high tide reaches the upper bay from Barnegat Inlet the flood has so diminished that there is little force to push through the

(*Continued on page 86*)



At the End of the Passage!
On the beach at Belfast, Maine, when her coasting days are over

"Clewlines and Buntlines"
From an etching by Arthur Briscoe, sailor and artist

Courtesy A. C. and H. W. Dickens, New York

From a painting by Galen J. Perrelt

In Harbor: The Fishing Fleet discharging its catch

The *Lorelei,* a new 47-foot cruiser for Col. E. J. Hall, of Detroit, on her trial run on the Delaware. She was built by the American Car and Foundry Co., at Wilmington.

Trial Trip of the *Lorelei*

New ACF Cruiser Makes Successful Initial Run

THE first two 47-foot cruisers built at the Wilmington plant of the American Car and Foundry Company to be launched this spring were the *Lorelei*, owned by Colonel E. J. Hall, of Detroit, and the *Mu I*, owned by Douglas Rigney, of New York. These two boats went overboard early in May and after a brief tuning up of the engines, left the builder's yard under their own power for their home waters. The *Mu I*, bound for Long Island Sound, made the trip outside, going down the Delaware River to Cape May where she ran in for the night, leaving the next day for the run up the coast. On this leg of the trip she ran into fairly strong head winds which, however, were not sufficient to slow her up, and she arrived at the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, Port Washington, Long Island, at 6.00 o'clock that night. According to those on board, she handled beautifully on the run and the engine was never touched after it had been started and departure taken from the breakwater at Cold Spring Inlet.

(*Continued on page 113*)

The *Lorelei,* stepping out at 10 knots on her run up the Delaware. Her power plant is a 100 h.p. reduction gear Hall-Scott motor.

Nautical Nuggets

Part IV — Some More about "Tuning" Up and Some Pointers on Tidal Currents and Eddies

By WILLIAM W. SWAN

IN the May issue of YACHTING, "Nautical Nuggets" was almost entirely taken up with hints in "tuning up" a small boat for racing purposes. I couldn't say all I wished to say about "tuning up" in the May issue, and am inclined to go into more detail regarding this important subject to the racing owner.

Times without number I have heard the happy, enthusiastic owner of a new racing craft come into the yacht club from a trial spin, and, his face flushed and eyes shining with enthusiasm declare: "I think she is a worldbeater! Oh, boy! You should see that baby go to windward! And reach! Wow!"

I know just how he feels. I've been that way myself. I remember the first boat I ever built. After months of effort as a carpenter; after months of labor in a dark, dank cellar, with one or another member of my "gang" as a helper; after the humiliation of having my family and friends laugh when the cellar door jambs had to be removed to get her out, and the *Belle* (named after a pretty cousin) promptly sank when launched!

Gee! how proud I was when she swelled up enough to float, and how fast she seemed to travel under sail. When I came in from that first trial spin, my fourteen-year-old heart was racing like mad. She was a worldbeater!

When she won the first race of the season against a "swallow" of about the same size, my joy knew no bounds. I have that little pewter mug before me now as I write. On it is emblazoned the seal and flag of the Manhassett Bay Yacht Club. And beneath, where all may see is:

Annual Regatta, Saturday, June 10, 1899

Won by

BELLE

But alas, that was the one and only prize won by *Belle*. She was fast by herself, and by some strange twist of fortune won that first race, but from that time on she was never within rifle shot distance of winning, and my first lesson in tuning up was learned. Here it is:

Don't get all steamed up over the trial of a boat if she appears to be "slippery" when she is alone. Wait until she goes up against competition. You see, any boat, halfway well designed, built and rigged, will move through the water. She is bound to reach and run, in a breeze, with an appearance of speed. But you have no basis for comparison, so contain yourself. You think she is fast. That's enough to say, or hope, until you *know*. It will save you many a heartbreak.

After you have ascertained the proper trim of your sails in the manner suggested in my last article, don't sit back and think you are through. If you can find a boat in your own class to use as a "trial horse," suggest to her owner that it will be of benefit to you both to sail a series of short brushes with the idea in mind of finding out how to trim the sails — how close to the wind you can point — how quickly she will "come about" without losing headway — how to trim her in a blow while reaching and running — how much she will stand under full sail — whether to luff her along under certain conditions, or ease the main and make her "foot" faster. There are actually a hundred-and-one things you must know before it can be said you are familiar with the idiosyncrasies of your boat. Even in a "one-design" class, there is a large variance in performance.

The best and quickest way to learn these points is to race with another boat under various weather conditions. Every day it is possible, you should start close together. Avoid blanketing or interference at the start. The leeward boat should be slightly in advance so as to be as nearly as practicable on even terms. Trim your boat to the point you believe to be the best — *and don't change it while going to windward.* You either win or lose on this short beat, so many seconds. Note it down.

Round the mark for crew practice, and run back to starting point with spinnaker set, without trying to blanket or luff. Have one man on the leading craft time passing of the buoy at the finish mark by dropping his arm, so that the following boat may time her loss or gain in seconds.

Sail the same course right over again, trim closer or ease off so many inches on main and jib sheets — make a note of change, and again time your relative position to windward.

Repeat this performance several times per day for several days. It should teach you the proper place to trim your boat to windward, or "on the wind," and at the same time give your crew practice in rounding marks and handling spinnaker. Vary this program by choosing a short triangular course so that you both can get on a reaching leg.

The value of these brushes is enhanced if they are undertaken in all seriousness and concentration. Keep your mind on the job in hand and observe every little detail which could possibly bear on your knowing your craft and her "quirks."

I used to know a man who raced a great deal, and who was considered to be a good racing skipper. He did have years of experience under his belt, and had won many a race in the handicap class or an open class. But put this man at the helm of a one-design class boat where the start, seamanship, observations and luck entered the proposition, and he generally finished well down toward the rear.

He was cool. A good starter. He sailed her to windward as well as anybody. Yet he didn't win races in a one-design class! Why? I'll enlighten you. He was interested in starting and windward work, but was bored to death with running off the wind. He practised and became proficient in starting and sailing his boat to windward, but he never practised sailing before the wind, and actually did not know how to trim his boat to get the most out of her off the wind.

He used to say he had the slowest boat in the class when it came to running before the wind, but it was his own fault. He was never interested enough to study out the proper place to trim that boat in order to make her "foot" as fast as the others.

It sounds ridiculous, I know, but every one of you who read this article know someone like him. Many skippers turn the helm over to someone else and go below when running. This is a mistake, and should only be done when you are sure that the one who is to take the "stick" knows as much as you do about that boat on that point of sailing. Or else you believe you can benefit her performance by looking after trim of mains'l and spinnaker yourself.

So therein lies another "Nautical Nugget" for the racing helmsman. Trim is just as important in *reaching* and

running as it is "on the wind." Don't do as many skippers do, and relax all vigilance or interest at the end of the windward leg.

In order to make the most of your opportunities you should be thoroughly familiar with the waters where you will sail, and study a chart of the locality in which the majority of your racing is to be done. Close scrutiny of such a chart will disclose many interesting things. The most important to the racing man is information regarding direction of flow and speed attained during the hours of flood tide and ebb tide.

The arrows indicating the directions will be found to be only general. But they will indicate a slight variation between flood and ebb in some cases. It is really up to you to ascertain the most important spots, and study the contour of the adjacent shore. If a large bay is in close proximity, you can surmise that the direction flow of flood and ebb must set toward the mouth or entrance to such bay. Not only is the direction changed, but the speed increases.

Add to this knowledge the depth of water near the beach and the location of Government buoys. When you feel you have memorized such a location it is often a good idea to visit it and do some observing. Races are often won or lost by the skipper's knowledge of tides, eddies and depth of water near the beach. There is always local knowledge to be taken into consideration, no matter where you are racing.

On Long Island Sound, for instance, few skippers figure on the fact that the tide starts flowing on one shore from 45 minutes to an hour before it does on the other — governed by tidal conditions and direction of wind. When a large class of racing yachts splits tacks, some going toward the Long Island shore and some staying on the New York or Connecticut shore, it often happens that one set of boats is "bucking" the first part of the ebb tide, while the other set is still favored by the last of the flood tide.

How to get this knowledge and, after getting it, how to apply the knowledge to advantage, is every man's job. He must know the exact time of low or high water at the nearest point to the territory in which the race is to be held. Then he must consider the direction and strength of the wind and add or substract this variable.

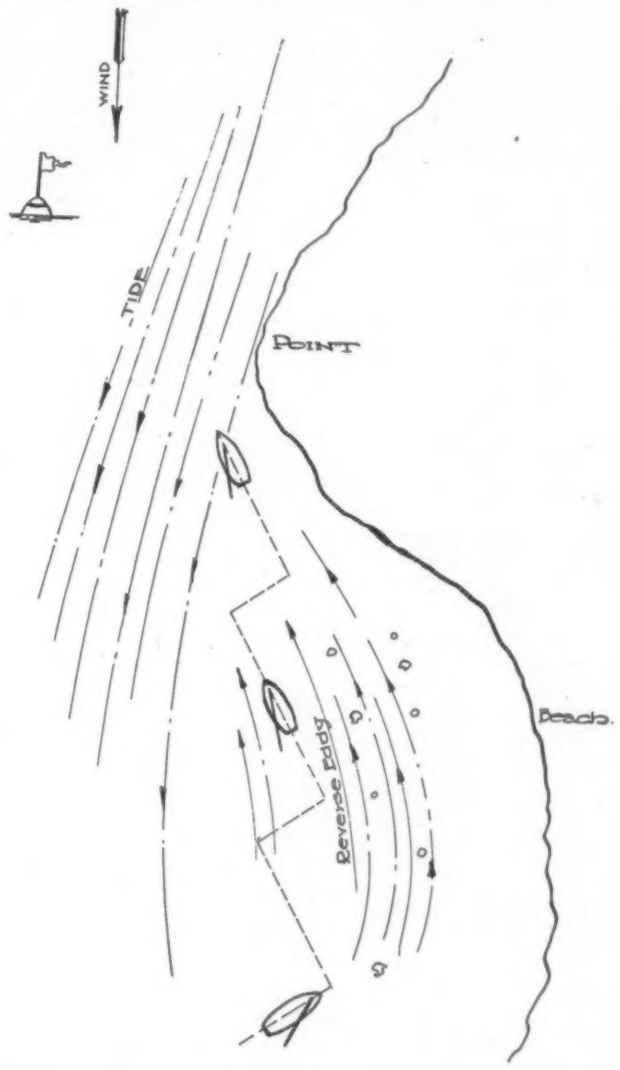
If the tide direction is easterly, and wind direction is easterly, the tide "piles up" if flooding, or delays turning to ebb for quite a little period. On the other hand, if the tide direction is easterly and the wind direction is westerly, or southwest, the tide doesn't reach maximum flood but starts ebbing earlier than the time specified, and then continues to ebb past the time specified, provided no change in the wind has nullified this rule. This variable must be observed, and allowed for, by each individual skipper who thinks it important enough to have a bearing on the race.

Shore eddies bear such an important part in the racing on Long Island Sound that I feel constrained to mention localities where these eddies should be studied. Take, for instance, that long stretch of beach just east of the entrance to Cold Spring Harbor, where all the Seawanhaka Yacht Club races are sailed. When the tide is running ebb, helped by a southwest wind, the last leg of all courses (unless the courses have been reversed) is a beat to windward to the finish line.

One quarter mile (440 yards) off shore there is liable to be a tide attaining a speed of close to four miles per hour. Two hundred and twenty yards out from the beach this speed is cut approximately in half. One hundred yards out, the head tide it is necessary to "buck" is negligible. *Close to the beach the eddy will actually help you to windward!* The skippers who know this by observation or experience take short hitches up this beach in this eddy, and gain thereby.

Other spots are: Beaches between Bayville and Matinicock Point, Matinicock Point and entrance to Hempstead Harbor, Great Captains Island and Shippan Point, Rye Neck and Great Captains Island, Larchmont Breakwater and Rye Neck. In all of these localities, there is an advantageous eddy, under certain weather conditions, that will help the skipper who is wise enough and patient enough to "dope it out" from the chart, and by personal observation.

Another valuable bit of racing knowledge can be gained by hovering around any one of several buoys which are used as turning points by more than one yacht club. Many clubs are prone to use Government buoys as marks, and when so used the usual racing rule that you must keep on channel side of all Government buoys can be disregarded. Nevertheless, these buoys are usually near a beach or point, and at half tide there is a considerable set in one direction or another.



Working the eddy usually requires an intimate knowledge of the shore.

There is a vast amount of information of this character to be had in your particular locality. The man who "knows his waters" stands an excellent chance of being a consistent winner. It takes time and patience to acquire this knowledge, but it's worth all you put into it — and more. So, during your "tuning-up" spins and Sunday sails, study tides and eddies, and you'll enjoy a big advantage over the chap who fails to appreciate them.

A Busy Season Ahead for the Juniors

Champion Crews of Various Sections of the Country Will Race for National Junior Title at Marblehead in August

By William Uphan Swan

THE sixth campaign for the Junior Championship has started, and until well into August the aspirations of boys and girls under 18 years of age will be centered in the struggle in clubs and sections of the Atlantic coast between New York and Bar Harbor for the Sears Cup, with a possibility that Canada may also join in the hunt.

It is difficult to conceive of a fairer system of ascertaining yacht racing ability than that which obtains in the American Junior Championship. It is the principles of a tennis or golf tournament management applied to yachting, with the additional advantage that the implements, the yachts themselves, are not only alike in all cases, but in most instances are strange to the contenders. Every crew has at least two chances to qualify, for the matches are sailed in pairs, but after the first race boats are exchanged and a second, and sometimes a third, contest is held. This is what scores of youngsters will face this summer, with an additional problem of Old Ocean himself in any one of his varying moods.

In encouraging the young idea, and in building the foundations of our future America's Cup skippers, the Junior Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound is easily the leader this year, although it gracefully bows to the originators of the Junior Championship by entering its two finalists in the national competition at Marblehead for the cup offered five years ago by Commodore Herbert M. Sears of the Eastern Yacht Club, now recognized as the Blue Ribbon trophy of the younger generation of American yachtsmen, which in this case includes boys and girls under 18 years of age.

The Junior campaign in the Long Island Association will practically start with the first Junior Open Regatta ever staged in the country. This will come on Tuesday of Larchmont Week (July 20th) and will be open to all classes up to and including the Six Meters. It will be managed by the Larchmont Yacht Club on a day which for years has been given up to the youngsters, usually with sports off the clubhouse. The regatta will be off Larchmont Harbor and will be the same as in others of Larchmont Week, except that no helmsman nor any member of a crew shall have passed his or her 18th birthday by August 31st. The most enthusiastic supporter of this event is Commodore James B. Ford, ripe in yachting experience and youthful himself in his energy and aspirations.

In "catching 'em young" the Long Island Junior Association is also a leader, and this year it will stage its third Midget Championship, open to boys and girls under 15 years of age. The event this year will be held at Southport, Conn., by the Pequot Yacht Club, beginning on Monday, August 2nd. Any yacht club having a station on tide water in Connecticut, New York or New Jersey, whether a member of the Association or not, is eligible to send a crew of three youngsters.

As in other Junior championships, the crews are matched in pairs, sail the best two of three races, with the winner going into the next round. The principal trophy for the Long Island Midgets is the cup offered by Commodore Scoville of the Stamford Yacht Club, and held for the succeeding year by the winning crew, while the individuals and their opponents in the final round receive medals. In the Midget events of the past two years the Pequot kids have scored both times, defeating Cedarhurst in the finals in 1924 and disposing of Bayshore last year.

The third Long Island Junior Championship will be held this year by the Indian Harbor Yacht Club at Greenwich Conn., during the week of August 16th. The same conditions obtain as in the Midget event, except that the boats will be provided with spinnakers. The age limit, as at Larchmont, is 18 years. The trophy is the Pequot Cup, donated by R. C. McNeil of the Pequot Yacht Club. It was won in 1924 by the Bayside boys with Cedarhurst as runners-up, and last year by the Stamford trio with Huguenot second. The finalists will go to Marblehead the following week for the Sears Cup.

The moving spirits in the Long Island Junior Association are President William F. Gillespie of the Stamford Yacht Club and Secretary Hugh M. Wharton of the Pequot Yacht Club, to whom the success of these interesting events the last few years is mainly due.

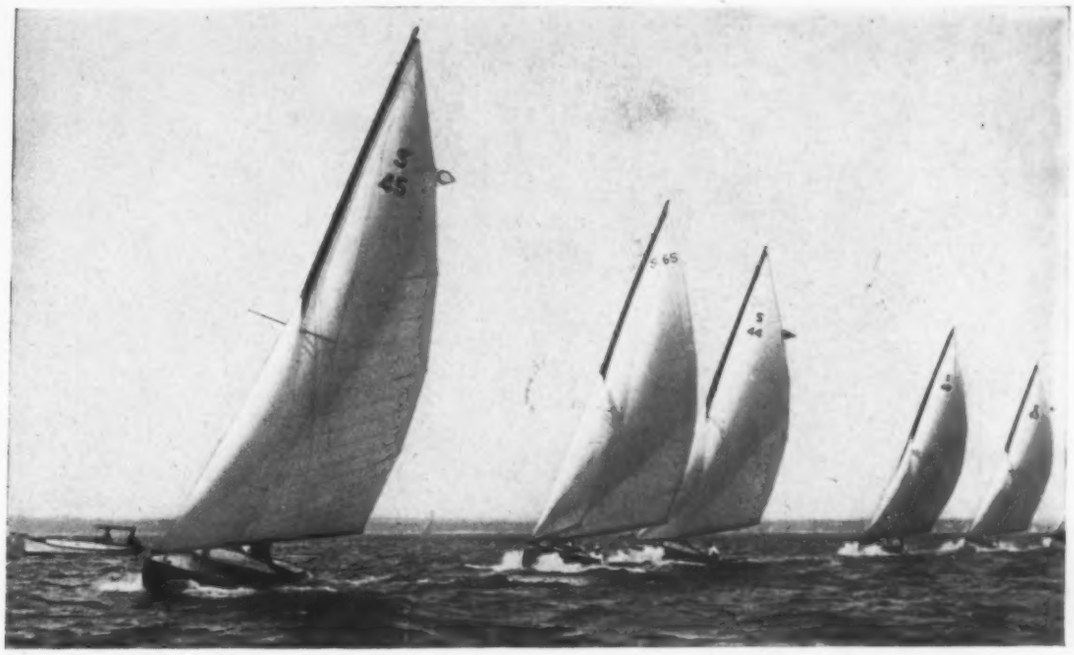
There is a bright prospect of an interesting supplementary junior affair in a proposed team race late in August or early in September between Marblehead and Long Island Sound boys, sailed in Inter-Club boats off Oyster Bay. The offer for such a contest was made in the spring by the Long Island Junior Association, and it is hoped that three or four crews may come down from the Massachusetts port.

The Narragansett Bay Junior Championship will probably be held at Jamestown, R. I., by the Conanicut Yacht Club, on some date to be selected after the arrival of the summer colony late in June. The Conanicut Club has a fine fleet of Alden-designed 16-foot knockabouts which will probably be used. The crew from this club won the Narragansett Junior title in 1924, and last year Bristol carried off the cup. The Junior Championship for Rhode Island owes much to Philip DeWolfe of Bristol, who has fathered the event ever since its inception, and who always accompanies the boys and girls to Marblehead for the finals.

When the Massachusetts Junior Yacht Championship was projected by the Eastern Yacht Club early in the summer of 1921, Commodore Sears, who gave the cup, wisely provided that it should be open to competition by juniors from clubs on the state's tidal waters, and to such other clubs as the regatta committee might see fit to invite. It is this latter provision that has broadened the event from a state to a national affair, and this year the regatta committee of the Eastern Yacht Club has invited the winners at Long Island and the champions of Rhode Island, while in addition it has also extended invitations to Maine and Canada. But the first few Massachusetts championships showed conclusive indications of becoming unwieldy with so much outside talent in the running, so last year the state was divided into three sections, the North Shore, taking the clubs between Boston and Cape Ann, the South Shore for those between the Hub and Duxbury, and Buzzards Bay and Cape Cod for clubs in southeastern Massachusetts. The winners in these sectional championships qualify for the finals at Marblehead, which is thus reduced to six or eight crews.

The North Shore Eliminations

The Eastern Yacht Club will manage the North Shore eliminations probably late in July, and the races will be



The Junior Championship for the Sears Cup will be sailed in Herreshoff Class S one-design yachts in August, off Marblehead.

sailed in the Herreshoff "S" Class yachts, as last year. The clubs which are expected to be represented are Cottage Park, Winthrop, Nahant, Eastern, Corinthian, Pleon, Manchester, East Gloucester and Annisquam. It is possible that the Union Boat Club, which now has a sailing section in Charles River Basin, may send a tenth crew of youngsters.

The South Shore Junior Championship will be staged in that old yacht racing arena, Dorchester Bay, by the South Boston Yacht Club during the week of July 26. The races will be sailed in the club's fleet of "O" boats, built last year by Graves at Marblehead.

The clubs in the South Shore Junior events this year will probably include South Boston, Squantum, Wollaston, Quincy, Hingham, Cohasset, Scituate and Duxbury, with a chance that the new Pilgrim Yacht Club on the south side of Plymouth Harbor may be represented.

One of the most progressive yachting organizations on the coast is the Edgartown Yacht Club, which will have a new class of 15-footers designed by Burgess, Swasey and Paine and built by the Nantucket Boat Works, and it will be in these new boats that the Southeastern Massachusetts Junior Yacht Championship will be held early in August.

The first Southeastern Massachusetts Junior event was held last year at Marion and was won by Edgartown, so that it was natural that the Martha's Vineyard organization should take charge of the championship this year.

The Maine Coast

Maine yachting is divided into two sections, the Western, in the vicinity of Portland, and the Eastern, which includes the Penobscot Bay and Mt. Desert clubs. One or the other is expected to send a team to Marblehead for the nationals. The clubs in western Maine are at Kennebunkport, Prouts Neck and Falmouth Foreside, and two of them are training juniors in Alden "O" Class boats. The Penobscot Bay clubs are at North Haven and Dark Harbor, where the young idea is encouraged in gaff-rigged 15- and 17-footers. The liveliest yachting center in Maine, however, is at Northeast Harbor, where five classes are started in a score of regattas between mid-July and late August. Yachting is having a revival at Bar Harbor, especially among the young, while the fleet of Winslow-designed 16-footers which Edsel Ford started three years ago now numbers twenty boats. There is plenty of junior talent in all these harbors and some of it will probably appear at Marblehead.

Canada made a strong effort to send a crew to Marblehead last year and negotiations are in progress for one this year from Lake St. Louis. Some of the Lake clubs, such as Rochester and Watertown, are also desirous of entering.

The sixth competition for the Sears Cup will be sailed at Marblehead in Herreshoff "S" Class yachts during the week of August 23rd. The crews will be drawn by lot and sail in pairs, and the winner will have possession of the cup for a year. Silver medals go to the individuals of the winning crew, and bronze medals to their competitors.

Another Yacht Club on Long Island

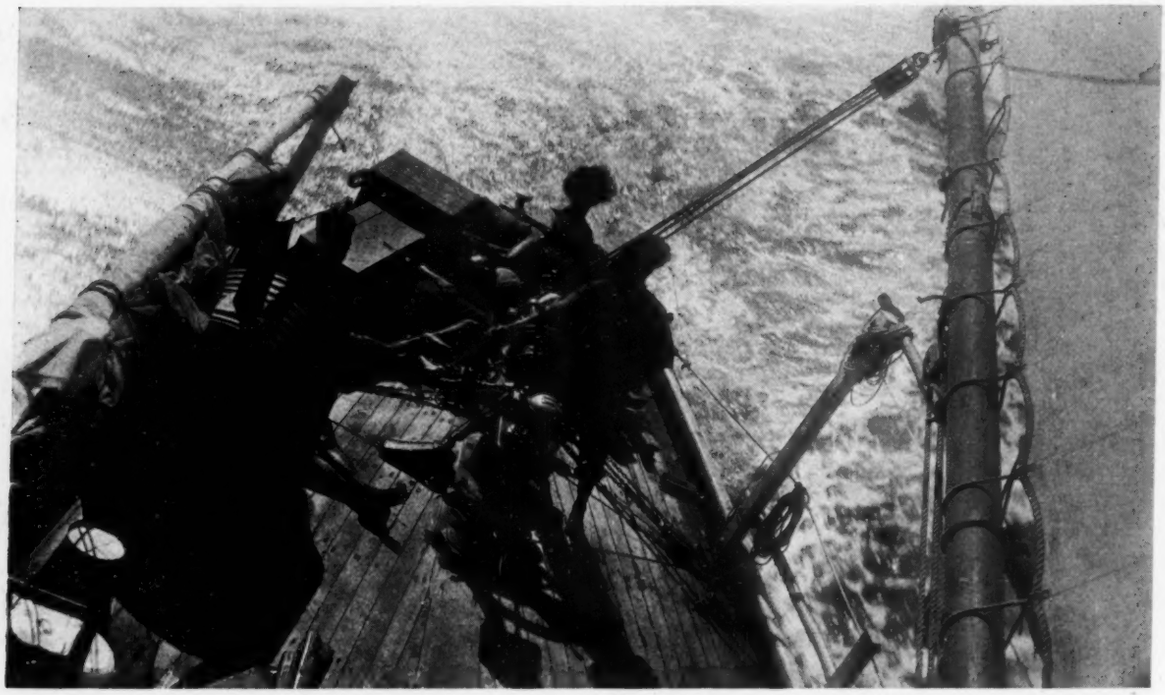
THOSE who have been shouting "back to the land" for the last five years, will have to rig out stunsails if they want to stay in front of the "back to the water" contingent. Another yacht club has been formed, and will function this summer on the west side of Port Jefferson Harbor, Long Island. This, as readers of YACHTING know, is one of the finest harbors on the south shore of the Sound and the last one to the eastward until Orient Point is reached — barring Mattituck Inlet, which is merely a haven of refuge in breezy weather.

The new yacht club will sail under the name of Suwasset, which was the tribal label of the local Indians before anything more seaworthy than a canoe plied about those headlands.

Getting down to hard facts: there is a dock and a float with a fine fall of beach, so that a boat drawing four feet could shove her stem into the sand with her stern free at the lowest tide. A club house, modest in proportions, is under process of construction, so designed as to permit of additions as the club enlarges.

Twelve Alden Class O boats are being built for the club by William H. Chamberlin, of Marblehead.

The first officers of the Club consist of the following: Edward Larocque Tinker, Commodore; Henry K. Vingut, Vice Commodore; Morgan Geotchius, Secretary; Charles P. Berdell, Treasurer; Sidney Breese, Measurer; J. Van S. Bloodgood, Fleet Captain.



"One by one my good boys fell asleep on the long counter, heaving this way and that with every surge of the ship."

Storm's End

A Vignette of a Voyage Across the Gulf of Papua

By WARWICK MILLER TOMPKINS

FOR six months the southeast monsoon had been working itself into a frenzy. For six months the whistling, tireless wind had been marshaling the long, majestic lines of South Pacific swells that never halted, day after day or week after week, as they trooped from the far, far south towards the equator. Then, suddenly, the deep-sea combers rushed into the shallows of the Gulf of Papua and found the mountain-muscled arm of New Guinea barring their way inexorably. Enraged, they grew mountainous, clambered skyward until their crests roared and hissed down their steep faces. On they tore until their green and blue and white pennons were muddied by the foulness of the great rivers that sprang from the jungle hinterland to do battle with them. There, where the blue met the brown, was a sea of utter wickedness where the waves fought hand to hand, running this way and that; where drowned trees scraped ghoulishly across the level plains of muddy bottom.

All this my crew of naked, faithful Papuans and I were used to facing. Many a time had we fought that trim, fast 65-foot schooner of ours out from the shelter of Bald Head, across the fiendish Baroi Bar, and down the Gulf.

This particular afternoon there was added ominousness to the pulsing roar that came to us at our anchorage behind the Head. It seemed deeper, more threatening. It was only 1 o'clock, but it was half-dark already underneath the low, flying blanket of rain clouds. Old Wagi came aft. With his prerogative as mate he came straight up to me and almost ordered, "We stop here tonight? Taubada?"

I was about to nod assent when I again caught sight of the wide eyes of a native girl who lay on the cabin floor, a girl very, very much afraid. She was a native, of course, but she had been brought up in a mission, and now, with an imperative operation to be performed which would have hardly concerned a true jungle woman in a similar case, she was being sent to Port Moresby so that the skilled ones there could perform it. She was frightened; I was doubly so. I feared the sea; I feared what might happen if I delayed.

"No! Get up your anchors! We sail now!"

Then came the hardest fifty hours I have ever known. Somehow we battled out across the infuriated bar, matching sails and auxiliary engine against wind and sea and tide.

Then, with the dinghy swept away, with my load of fifty labor recruits battened below where they yelled and whimpered alternately as they sought to escape into the wild night, we staggered on down the Gulf.

The seas smashing on the foc's'le head flooded the crew's quarters and the boys spent the night on the counter, crooning to themselves, smoking when they managed to get a light.

Toward morning the starboard anchor was wrenched from its lashings, swept crushingly against the port bulwarks, and flung overside. How Wagi, Rao, and the rest of my lads got it back again, working in the seas that clutched at them, I don't know. From the wheel I could see nothing but the compass card, hear nothing but the howl of the storm and the complaining of the ship.

The day brought no relief from the storm, but did add the comfort of its cold gray light.

Oalla, my cook-boy, managed to bring me several bowls of thick soup he'd prepared over a tiny charcoal fire he'd built in the cabin. The girl took some, timidly, shyly. Whenever I shoved back the scuttle and looked at

(*Continued on page 88*)

Jesse L. Livermore, Esq., Mrs. Livermore and their two sons at the launching of *Athero II*.

Athero II, the new 171-foot steel Diesel yacht owned by Jesse L. Livermore, sliding overboard from the Lawley yard at Neponset. She was designed by Henry J. Gielow, Inc.

The Yacht *Advance* and the Reasons for Her Rig

By JOHN S. LAWRENCE

IT was said that Lord Nelson saw the fore and aft rigged yachts at Cowes and applied the idea to his ships, and that it was this rig that enabled him to lie closer to the wind than could the French. It was Mr. Tom Ratsey's grandfather who made the sails for Lord Nelson's *Victory*.

Yachting is more than a sport. It has been, and continues to be, the research and demonstration laboratory, under the most pleasant of auspices, of many an important economic development. Yachting has long been recognized as the developer of naval reserves, as the educator of young men who get their best training under conditions of self-expression away from modern civilization, where the tussle with wind and wave breeds self-reliance and resourcefulness.

Eleven of the new Sound Inter-Club Class waiting to go overboard at Nevins' yard, City Island. Twenty-eight are being built. They are 29 feet long over all.

During the war great strides were made in the study of aeronautics, and particularly the efficiency of aircraft wings. Some of us wondered if this new science had not surpassed the rough knowledge of our yachtsmen, and if the many things we knew by instinct to be right could not be proved to be right by science.

Professor Warner of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology went to work and found:

1. That the leeward side of the sail furnishes much more than half the driving force.
2. The interference of the mast has a distinctly harmful effect, and careful study should be given to the possibility of reducing that effect by streamlining it aft, or otherwise.
3. The efficiency of the jib, measured by driving force per unit of area, is much greater than that of the mainsail.
4. The jib serves to guide the air onto the lower part of the mainsail, and prevent "breaking down" of the flow. That function of the headsail is most important on small boats and in heavy winds.
5. The twisting of the mainsail, partially corrected by the presence of the jib, is nevertheless distinctly harmful. It should be restrained as much as possible, by the use of two sheets, or otherwise.

Having confidence in these theories we decided to build and rig a schooner equal in size to some of our best on the plans designed and embodying these theories. On the *Advance* we placed our lateral plane well aft, to enable us to flatten the mainsail even more than was done in the sloops. We planned to speed the wind back of the mainsail and rig effective staysails and jibs. This year we plan to work out the mechanics of operating these new sails which, owing to lack of time, was impossible last season.

Other schooners are changing their sail plans to embody

(*Continued on page 113*)

Monsoon, a new schooner owned by Don Ayers, of Los Angeles, won her maiden race on the Pacific recently when she beat the fleet in the 67-mile race around Catalina Island. She was designed by Edson B. Schock.

The New York Yacht Club Cup

THE New York Yacht Club has offered, through its flag officers, a cup to bear the name of this oldest American yachting organization, to be raced for by the R Class of 20-raters the coming summer. The cup is a perpetual one, to be offered each year by the flag officers for competition in whatever class in their judgment has done the most for the sport of yachting during the previous season.

Little fault will be found with offering the cup in the R Class, considering what a decided boost that class gave the sport on Long Island Sound last year, and promises to do this year.

The series of races this year will be sailed off Newport, starting from Brenton Reef Light Vessel and beginning September 14th. It is hoped to sail two races a day until the series is finished. By holding the races at Newport it gives a halfway meeting ground for the 20-raters of Massachusetts Bay and Long Island Sound.

Course In Yacht Design and Model Making

BELIEVING that yacht owners and sailors would welcome an opportunity to acquire knowledge of technical and engineering matters relating to their yachts, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has established a brief summer course in yacht design and model making, under the supervision of Professor George Owen, Associate Professor of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering at the Institute, and well known to all yachtsmen as the designer of many successful yachts. The course will be given June 21st to July 16th, daily, except Saturday, from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.

Instruction will be given in the elements of yacht design and construction, including the drawing of the lines and making simple calculations of typical modern yachts; also in making yacht models, each student making a half model of the design of his yacht. The course will be open to persons having completed the equivalent of three years' high school work. The tuition will be $50, which will include the registration fee of $5.

Admiral Bridgeman Heads Nassau Sailing Club

AT a recent meeting of the Royal Nassau Sailing Club, an organization composed of American and British yachtsmen, Admiral Sir Francis Bridgeman was elected Commodore, succeeding Daniel Bacon of New York. He is a ranking officer in the British Navy and well known in the United States.

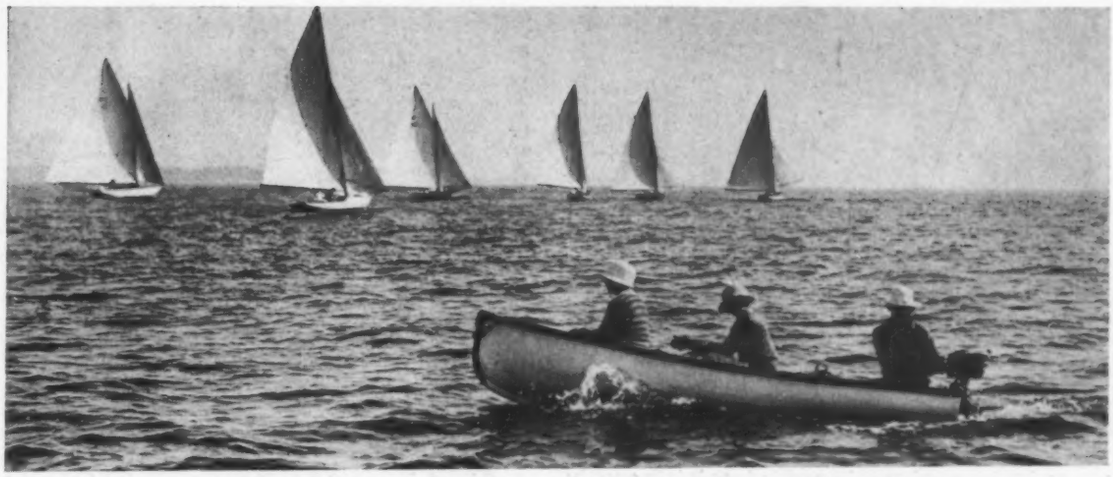
Ogden T. McClurg.

Ogden T. McClurg

The sudden and unexpected death last month of Ogden Trevor McClurg robs yachting of one of its best known racing skippers and a keen, fair-minded sportsman who worked untiringly in the interests of yacht racing on the Great Lakes. Nor was his interest confined to racing, for he cruised extensively and had owned many yachts in which he made long off-shore voyages. Just prior to his death, in the prime of his life, he had made a cruise to the eastern coast of Yucatan, with an archæological expedition, exploring the coast for traces of Maya ruins.

In 1912 Odgen McClurg was the skipper of the Class P yacht *Michicago* in the race with Canada for the Richardson Cup. In 1923, in the 20-rater *Ariel*, he recaptured the cup from Canada for the Chicago Yacht Club, and defended it in 1925 in the same yacht. He sailed in several of the Mackinac races and in 1916, when he owned the auxiliary schooner *Intrepid*, made a long cruise in the West Indies, as he had done earlier in the schooner *Talofa*. On the coast, he has raced both at Marblehead and on the Sound.

During the war he held the rank of Lieutenant Commander in the reserve and served with distinction afloat and in France, on the staff of Rear Admiral Moffat. His loss will be felt keenly by all yachtsmen.



The outboard motor has earned its place in the life of every yachting community.

The 1926 Outboard Motor

The Toy of Fifteen Years Ago Has Been Developed Into a Remarkably Compact, Efficient Power Plant, Adapted to a Multitude of Uses

By Samuel Wetherill

ONE day last summer — Sunday, July 26th, to be exact — I was on board the schooner *Malabar VI*, in Larchmont Harbor, familiarizing myself with the deck layout preparatory to starting in the Larchmont-Gloucester Race a few hours later. Presently my attention was attracted to the 45-foot schooner *Malay*, a couple of boatlengths away, whose crew were "heaving the hook" and getting ready to shove off for Rye, the starting point of the race. A glance showed *Malay's* sail covers still on, a moderate head wind and choppy sea, and a chap alongside in a small yacht tender equipped with an outboard motor.

Gradually the situation dawned on me. They expected to tow that heavy 45-foot cruising schooner against wind and wave, around Larchmont Breakwater and on to Rye — with a 2½ h.p. outboard motor! And to the intense surprise of everyone aboard *Malabar*, they did it!

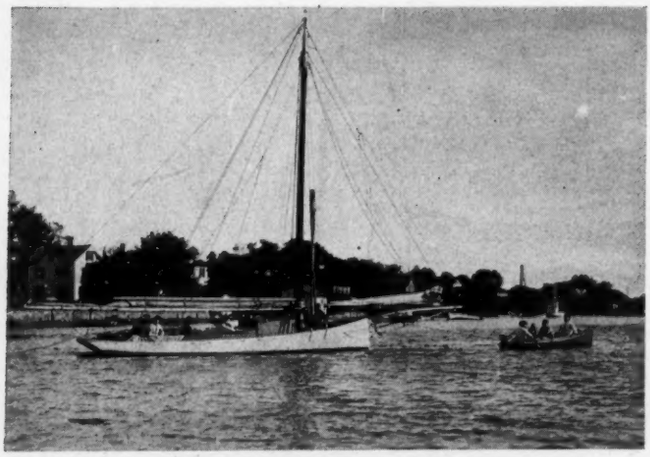
At first, *Malay* didn't budge. Then, as the motor warmed up and got down to business, she started — very slowly, at first, then faster; and when they squared away after rounding the breakwater, and got wind and sea abeam, they were traveling at a very fair rate of speed, and ran on to Rye, handily, safely, comfortably.

Some fifteen or so years ago, the one-lunged "egg-beater" was a heavy, clumsy, weak-kneed, undependable outfit, which sometimes ran, oftentimes didn't, and always could be counted upon to "act up," even in the hands of an experienced "engine buster." I struggled valiantly with one of them in 1914, and the outboard won the battle. But today! Light, powerful, dependable little machines — one-lungers and twin cylinders — 2 to 6 h.p. — magneto or battery ignition, or both — silent exhausts — no-clog pumps — 2 speeds forward, neutral, and 2 speeds in reverse, all by moving a single lever — tiller lines enabling you to steer from any part of the boat — these, and many other remarkable features, make

Its handiness is conceded by everyone who has used it.

The small sailboat cannot do without it when the breeze fails.

It is part of the equipment of the racing "scows" of the Inland Lakes Association.



Towing larger yachts is part of its daily work, where it is frequently used in place of a regular power installation.

Even attached to an air raft it makes one of these an efficient power tender.

the outboard motor of 1926 a really portable, powerful little power plant which can be quickly hitched onto almost any kind of a boat, and be depended upon to move that boat along at a good clip, without any fuss, flurry or worry.

Only a few years ago, the most that was expected of an outboard was that it should push a canoe, skiff or rowboat around in protected waters. But the outboard of today is no dubious toy. Evinrude Outboards transported Messrs. Hoag and Wilton across the continent on their record-making 5,000-mile trip. Johnson Outboards performed admirably for Slade Dale and Frank Coyle on their adventurous trip from New Jersey to Miami in the two Barnegat sneakboxes, *Crab* and *Sheldrake*. An Elto motor was the driving power which rendered such unfailing service to Linden Pentz in his 1,000-mile jaunt from Seattle to Juneau, Alaska. Caille and Lockwood-Ash motors have made similar fine records. As for speed, 16 miles an hour has been attained, with higher speeds in immediate prospect. Surely, the outboard has proven its case.

As an auxiliary to sailing craft, the outboard is just beginning to be appreciated. Increased power with decreased weight makes it more attractive than ever for this purpose. Look at the photograph on page 37 of "Ole-on-the-Rudder" — the auxiliary power for the big Dutch Hoogarts, *Filalou*. Three miles an hour with a 3 h.p. outboard — not so bad for a big hooker like that. What would *Filalou* do with one of the big 6 h.p. motors? The motor which towed *Malay* was only 2½ h.p., and weighed but 37 pounds. The 1926 twin cylinder motors develop 3, 3½, and 4 h.p., and most of them are under 50 pounds in weight. Even the big 6 h.p. machines weigh but 97 pounds.

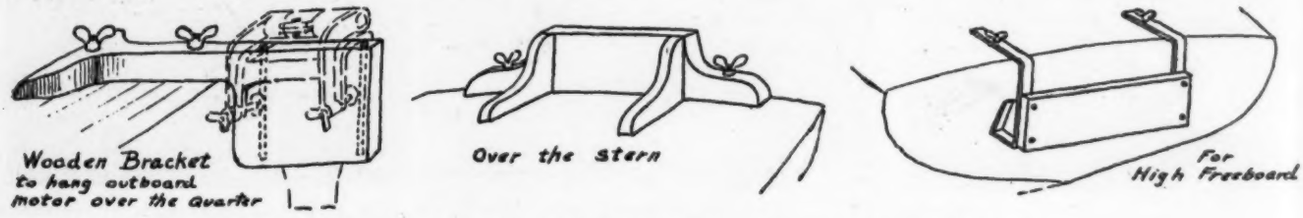
Outboards should make a particular appeal to anyone owning a racing craft of moderate size — anything from a New York "30" to a Wee Scot. Many times racing craft either have to beg a tow in order to reach the starting line in case of a calm or very light weather; and oftentimes they spend weary hours trying to get home after the finish of a race, when the breeze drops with the sun. An outboard easily solves these problems. When not in use, it is easily stowed below, is clean, and takes up very little space. The weight is not worth noticing. And, after reaching the mooring, clamp the motor to your tender and motor to the club float or dock.

It is both simple and practical to attach an outboard motor to any small sailing craft. Brackets similar to those shown in the accompanying sketches can be easily made by almost anyone handy with tools. Extra length shafts may be obtained from any outboard manufacturer to get the propeller well under water on craft with high freeboard. A number of the new Sound Interclub boats are equipped with outboards, with extra length shafts, attached by means of brackets similar to those illustrated.

And the motorboat owner will have to consider the outboard, too, for one manufacturer recommends that every owner of a powerboat of 40 feet or under carry one as regular equipment — to propel the boat for trolling at low speeds, or for use as a reserve power plant in case the main motor breaks down. I have little doubt but that any of the outboards would make good in both cases.

There are now many small craft turned out by a number of builders which are designed primarily for use with outboards. These include canoes and semi-canoes, for fishing and exploring, dinghies and skiffs for all-around use, and light, fast, V-bottom speedsters, some of which have been credited with an official speed of something over 16 miles an hour. So, if you don't happen to own a boat already, it is an easy matter to buy an excellent craft for your outboard, well suited to your needs.

And so, if you want power for your boat, without the expense or bother of tearing your craft to pieces to make an inboard installation — get an outboard. If you want to push your canoe, skiff, yacht tender, knockabout or schooner, get an outboard. And if you want to — But what's the use? If my pocketbook will stand the strain, I'm going to come pretty near having an outboard myself this summer!



Brackets for attaching to the variously shaped sterns of sailing yachts.

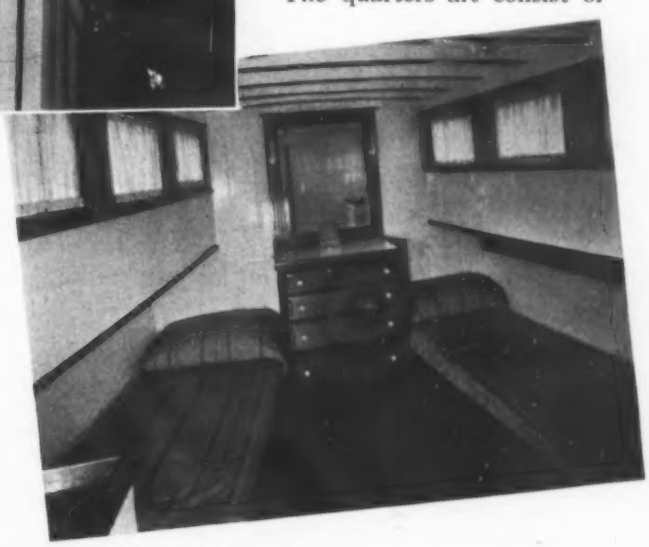
Alecia II, a Sixty-foot Power Cruiser

An Unusual Amount of Room and Comfort in a Boat of Moderate Size

THAT it is not necessary to go in for a very large cruiser in order to get the comfort and roominess which the recent development of the power yacht has brought us to demand, is shown in the reproductions of photographs of the 60-foot shoal draft cruiser *Alecia II*, designed by J. Murray Watts, of Philadelphia, for Mr. D. M. Taylor of Roanoke, Virginia. This yacht offers practically all of the accommodation necessary for spending the summer afloat.

fact that, although she is 60 feet over all by 13 feet 4 inches beam, her draft is only 3 feet 3 inches.

The deckhouse is large, being 12 feet in length and is used for a dining and living room, the steering wheel and controls being at the forward end. The working parts of the boat are especially well laid out, there being a roomy fo'castle 10 feet long with two built-in berths, two pipe berths, wardrobes and plenty of locker space for the crew. The quarters aft consist of

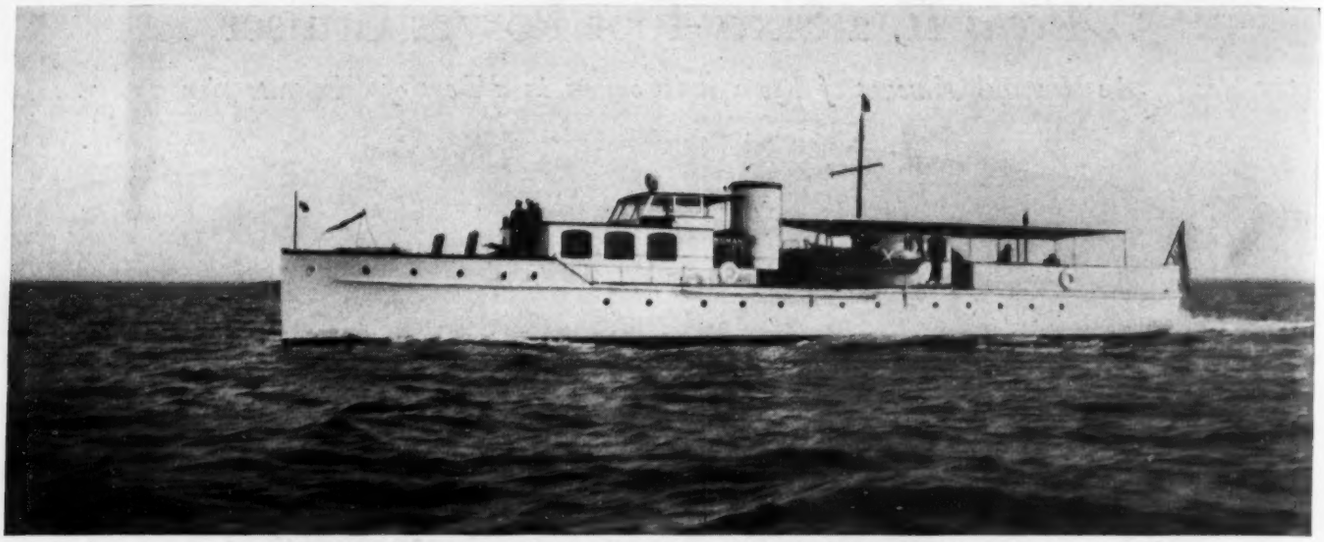


The owner's stateroom of *Alecia II*. Top—The interior of the roomy deckhouse.

The pantry and galley.

The after double stateroom. Top—*Alecia II*, 60 feet in length.

As *Alecia II* was built for use in Florida as well as in northern waters, it was necessary to keep the draft as light as possible. That this has been done is shown by the a large double stateroom the full width of the yacht, another double stateroom aft, and a large lobby where the companionway from the deck comes down.



Romany II, a 97-foot power cruiser, built last season for Roscoe B. Jackson, Jr.

Romany II, a New Power Cruiser

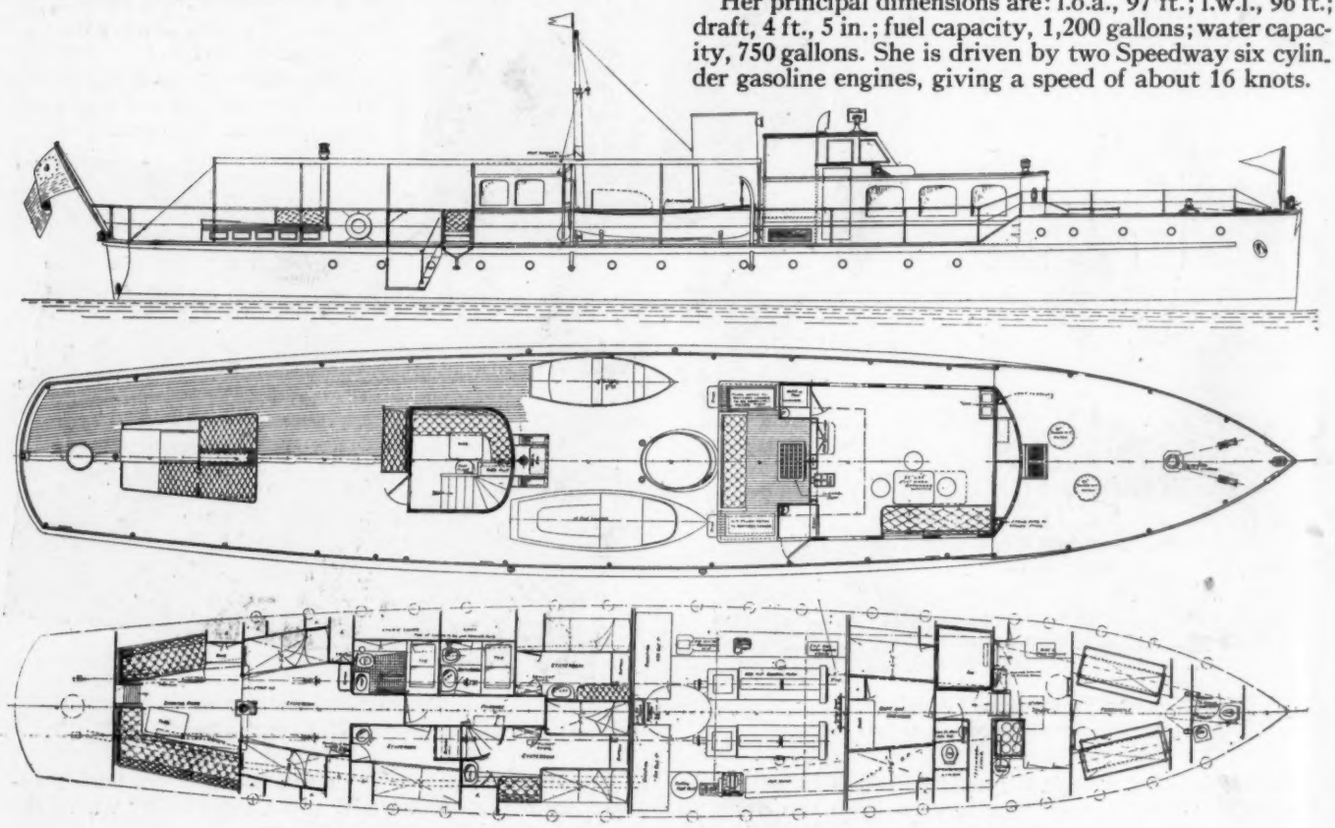
THE new power yacht *Romany II*, which was delivered to Roscoe B. Jackson, of the New York Yacht Club, last season, is from designs by Burgess, Swasey and Paine, and was built by the George Lawley & Son Corp., Neponset, Mass.

The crew's quarters for six men are forward. Directly abaft the forecastle is the galley, which leads directly from the after end to an extremely spacious forward deck dining room, which is almost as large as one finds on a boat twice this size.

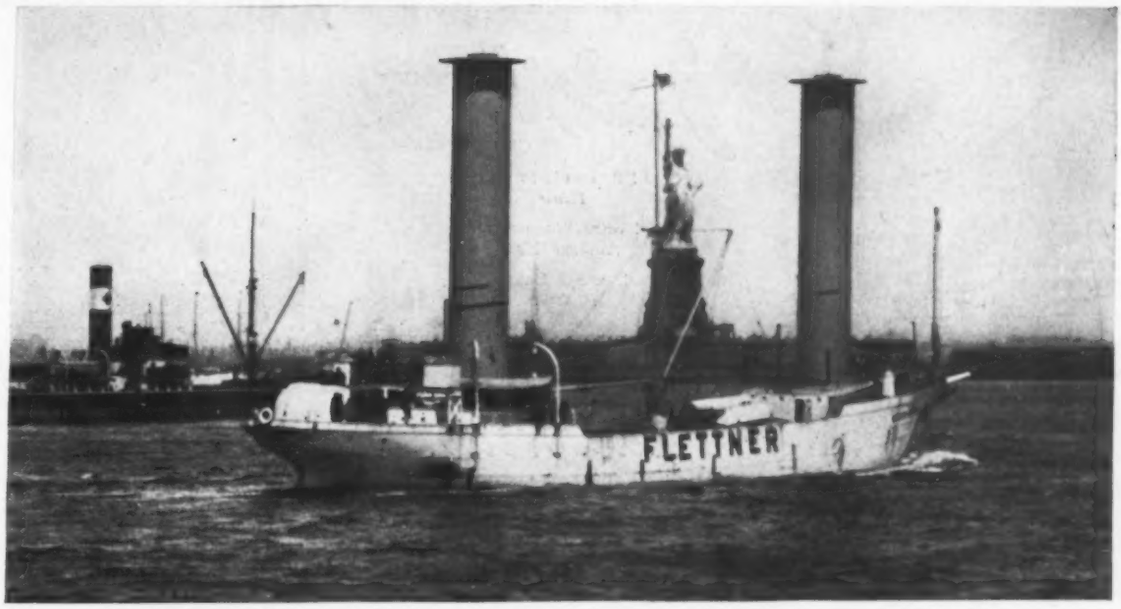
The engine room is divided from the rest of the ship by two steel watertight bulkheads. Directly abaft the engine room, and running the entire length of the after end of the ship, are the owner's quarters, consisting of two double staterooms and two single rooms. The after double stateroom is 17 feet long, allowing for a spacious lounging room at the after end.

Besides the deck dining room forward, there is a small after deck house which combines a deck lounging room as well as a companionway to the owner's quarters. Except for these two deck houses, the boat is entirely flush deck, which is quite an innovation for a boat of this size, and while it gives her ample headroom throughout, it does not in any way detract from her fine appearance.

Her principal dimensions are: l.o.a., 97 ft.; l.w.l., 96 ft.; draft, 4 ft., 5 in.; fuel capacity, 1,200 gallons; water capacity, 750 gallons. She is driven by two Speedway six cylinder gasoline engines, giving a speed of about 16 knots.



Plans of *Romany II*, a 97-foot power cruiser designed by Burgess, Swasey & Paine.



The *Baden-Baden* passing the Statue of Liberty at the end of her voyage across the Atlantic.

Crossing the Atlantic in a Rotorship

By GRANVILLE WHITTLESEY, JR.

THE Flettner rotorship — that unusual vessel which one New York newspaperman called a Burbank product of a steamship, a ferryboat, a yawl and a merry-go-round—completed a 6,000-mile voyage from Hamburg on May 9th by sailing up New York harbor to the Battery at a speed of 8½ knots under rotor alone. The achievement astonished not only the hardened harbor pilot on her bridge, but also the members of that seafaring cosmopolitism that populates the lower end of Manhattan Island and who on that day dragged themselves in thousands from their Battery benches to stand cheering and jeering along the old sea wall. Then Commander Byrd flew to the North Pole and back, Amundsen followed him, and the English strike situation continued boiling over into six, eight and ten columns in the daily papers. Except for the crowds which poured for a week from the office buildings above to form a living, pointing wall along the wharf edge, the rotorship, like other solid achievements, quickly slid back into that limbo of things that happened "just a day or so ago."

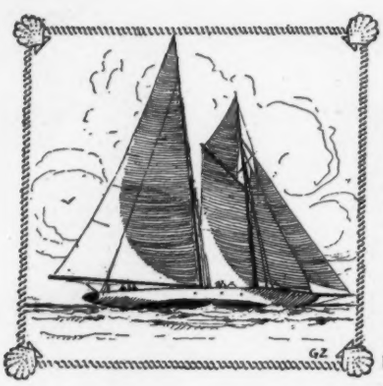
To be sure she made some excursions up and down the bay, during which her shy mannered inventor showed her off to members of the New York Yacht Club, the American Steamship Owners' Association and other dignitaries of the port. However, behind that little flurry there is the story of the first sea voyage of a ship driven by the strangest means of locomotion conceived since the day when Napoleon momentarily thought to outdistance Lord Nelson by means of windmills mounted on the poop decks of his fleet — for who would have thought a month ago that any vessel could cover over 6,000 miles of open ocean driven by what looked like a couple of farmyard silos whirling at her bow and stern?

Before dawn on the morning of April 2nd the rotorship *Baden-Baden* cleared the low banks of the Elbe and found herself responding easily to the gentle heave of an unnaturally calm North Sea. Chief among her crew of 15 was her captain, Peter Callsen, from Flensburg, Schleswig Holstein, who, besides having taken sailing ships fourteen times around the Horn, had behind him the record of various shady but none the less romantic dealings of an international portent in Malaysia and the China seas. Next to him came Chief officer Roeseling, good-natured soul from the Rhine country and a former chief officer on some of the ex-Kaiser's big sailing yachts.

That day and the next the ship proceeded steadily under motor and rotor, dodging through the fog after Dutch and German lightships lying along that hazy coast line which claims in spots almost as many wrecked ships as any other in the world. Evening of the 3rd found us gliding between the lights of Dover and Calais in the last calm we were to have until off New York.

The first chance to really use the rotors came the following day — Easter Sunday — when with the Eddystone on our starboard bow we ran into a heavy northwest squall. In the steep chop that immediately made up our motor speed from the main propelling engines fell off and the little ship began to make rough weather of it. Callsen headed her in more towards Plymouth, bringing the sea about four points on the port bow and giving us the use of the rotors at about 100 r.p.m. The immediate effect was the same as when sail is set on a schooner rolling in a seaway. It nowhere nearly equalled it, however. The ship continued to roll but did so no longer in that unrestrained, sickening manner characteristic of a slow going steamer. Some controlling force seemed to have taken her in its grip. It did not resemble, however, in nature or strength that cushioning effect of sails pressing back against the wind. Nor could such a pressure effect be expected with the rotors, whose wind resistance when in operation is even less than that when they are stopped. In fact this day and succeeding ones, when we were in still heavier seas, showed the writer that the stability given the *Baden-Baden* by her rotors was not very material and, as had been thought before, is probably of a gyroscopic nature. At the same

(*Continued on page 90*)



Yachting

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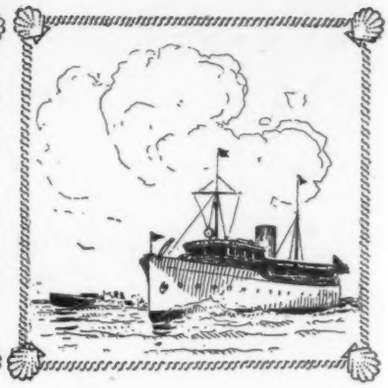


Editorial

That Measurement Rule Again

IT is significant of the general feeling in yacht racing circles that at the last meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, probably the largest and strongest individual racing association in the United States, the delegates voted to have the Executive Committee make a study of our present Universal Rule with a view to eliminating concavities in the plane of measurement, and imposing minimum beam and freeboard restrictions. Any recommendations are to be reported back in 90 days, or in time to do any amending to the rule before building for 1927 commences.

All of the changes in view have been talked of for some time and many racing men feel that some such limitations would improve the rule, or rather, would prevent the extremes to which there is a tendency to go in modern racing boats. The changes would not alter the present rule to any great extent. Concavities are already penalized in our rule. It is now proposed to abolish them entirely. A minimum beam and freeboard restriction certainly would not hurt the rule. At the most it would not give designers quite so much latitude.

A movement is under way also looking towards the inclusion of scantling restrictions in our rule for yachts larger than Class P. This is wise. They should have been included before. They are already in force for yachts below 31-rating, and if they're necessary in small vessels they are doubly so in large ones.

William Gardner Retires

Yachtsmen the entire country over will hear with regret of the retirement from active work of William Gardner, which was announced last month by the firm which he founded and which still bears his name. His withdrawal from the field of yacht designing leaves a gap that will be hard to fill. His name is known wherever yachts are sailed and the yachts from his board were admired wherever they were seen.

For over forty years he has been designing pleasure craft, and in his sailing yachts especially his work earned him a place among the foremost naval architects of the country. His cutter *Liris*, in 1889, was a winner that brought him early fame, but so many winners came from his board that his reputation did not rest in a few only. His masterpiece, perhaps, was the schooner *Atlantic*, winner of the last trans-Atlantic race of 1905, when she made a record never surpassed of 12 days and 4 hours, from Sandy Hook to Lands End, England, a distance of 3,013 miles. The *Vanitie*, built for the defense of the America's Cup in 1914, by many thought to be the equal of the one chosen to defend, was his last large sailing yacht.

With the retirement of William Gardner and the virtual withdrawal from yacht designing by "Nat" Herreshoff, we may well wonder to whom we shall turn in case of another challenge for the America's Cup, which we've held now for 75 years.

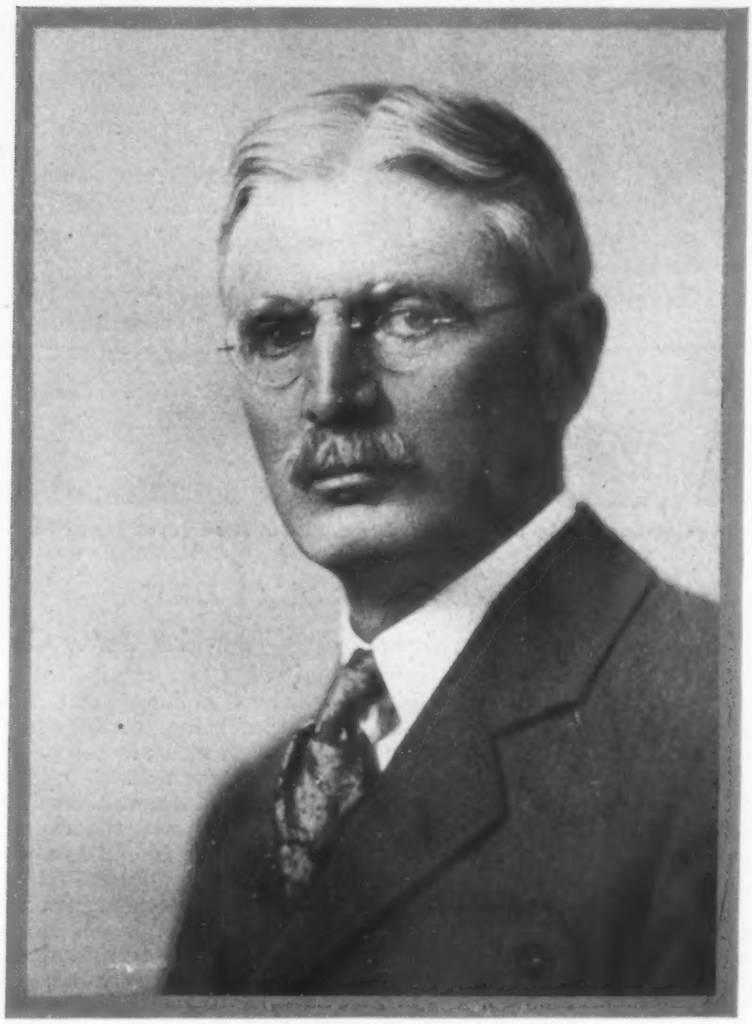
Mackinac Race Controversy Settled

The bickering of the last few years between the cruising and the racing men of Lake Michigan over the Mackinac Race has been settled — at least for the next three years, with neither side scoring an unqualified victory. Conceived as a cruising race for cruising yachts, the racing sloops, and especially the smaller Universal Class raters, have been running away with the big prize pretty consistently since 1911, and the cruising men have had no "look in" at all. The original deed of gift allowed entries from 5 tons and upwards, and when the little "R" and "Q" yachts began winning this 331-mile long distance race on a liberal time allowance, it became too much for the owners of the cruisers.

It was proposed last winter to bar all racing craft and, instead, to give these a special race to Sturgeon Bay, letting the Mackinac Cup stand for the cruisers entirely. Things did not go quite to this extreme, however. Instead, the Deed of Gift of the Mackinac Cup has been amended until it conforms closely to the conditions of the Bermuda Race and other long off-shore events intended for yachts of cruising type. The limit of size has been increased to eight tons or over. This effectually bars the small Universal Rule classes. A further provision says "yachts must be of a thoroughly seaworthy type, substantially built, strongly rigged, properly ballasted and suitable in all ways for offshore cruising." The interpretation of this clause is left to the Race Committee of the Chicago Yacht Club. It'll be a thankless task any way you look at it, but if future committees have backbone, all should be well. Requirements as to cruising equipment to be carried are also strict, but are such as any Class P, or larger yacht can comfortably comply with. The new agreement holds for three years.

So there you are. It is unsatisfactory to put up to any committee the interpretation of the intent of a rule, but it is the best that can be done, as no rule yet framed will always keep out boats of a type not desired and admit those wanted. The cruisers should be given a chance, and there ought to be at least one race for them where they are not asked to go up against light displacement racing craft.

In the World of Yachting



CLINTON H. CRANE

THE ability to design and rig a racing yacht, coupled with the knowledge of the finer points of racing that makes it possible to sail her successfully, are rarely found in the same person. In few are these attributes combined to a higher degree than in Clinton H. Crane, one of the leading figures in American yachting today. Although formerly a naval architect by profession, his taking up a few years ago the designing of racing yachts as an avocation has once more brought him into prominence as when, thirty years ago, he was designing and sailing yachts in the long, hard struggle for the Seawanhaka Cup, a trophy with which his name has long been connected.

Clinton Crane received his technical education at the University of Glasgow. But before he went there he was in the midst of the Seawanhaka Cup contest and designed, in 1896, the 15-footer, or half-rater, "El Heirie," for the second race for the cup put up by the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club for international small boat racing. She was beaten by the "Glencairn," and the cup went to Canada. The next year Mr. Crane designed the 20-footer, or one-rater, "Momo," and took her to Canada to try to recover the cup. He was unsuccessful, and then followed other races with the one-raters "Challenger" and "Constance," from his board, pitted against the best that G. H. Duggan, Canada's crack designer, could produce. These contests were all hard fought, and did a lot for small boat sailing in the two countries.

In 1898, after his return from Glasgow, he became associated with the firm of Tams, Lemoine & Crane, where he did most of the firm's designing for nearly fifteen years. He turned out while with this firm many of the successful raceabouts, among them the "Raider," "Merrywing," "Whistlewing" and "Lanai," later called the "Tartar." The firm also turned out many famous and fast large yachts, among them the ocean racing schooner "Endymion," the two "Alohas" for Commodore Arthur Curtiss James, the schooners "Ariadne" and "Alcyone" and the steam yachts "Noma," "Rheclair," and "Vanadis." In the power boat field he designed many of the early speed boats, including "Vingt-et-Un" and all of the famous "Dixies."

When the International 6-meter races came along Mr. Crane became interested and designed "Heron" in 1924. She was a member of the American team that year. In 1925 he designed the "Lanai" and "Red Head," and in the former, sailed by C. Sherman Hoyt, won the Seawanhaka Cup back from "Coila III" on the Clyde, just 30 years after it was first put up for competition.

A 32-foot power cruiser built of rustless steel by Safe Pleasure Boats, Inc., of Hartford, on her trial trip on the Connecticut River.

And Now the Steel Boat

Trial Trip of a Standardized Thirty-Two-Foot Power Cruiser

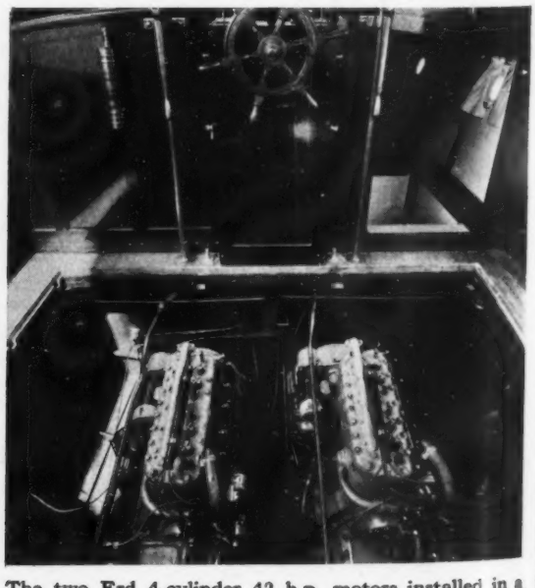
THE fact that steel has replaced wood in the building of large vessels, and particularly the larger yachts, may or may not have impressed the average yachtsman with the possibilities for the use of steel in smaller sized vessels. Wood has been, for so many ages, the standard material for small craft that possibly many do not recognize the potential value of steel in small yacht construction. In the past, corrosion has been the chief deterrent to the use of steel, but with a new rustproof and stainless steel that has been recently placed on the market, this objection has been overcome and corrosion eliminated.

With a knowledge of the advantages offered in the manufacture of pleasure boats by the use of this stainless steel, the Safe Pleasure Boats, Inc., of Hartford, Conn., have recently gone into the manufacture of small cruising power boats which they believe offer many advantages over wooden construction. Chief of these is the matter of safety by the elimination of fire hazard and the danger of sinking, it being possible to sub-divide the hull by steel bulkheads which are absolutely watertight, insuring the boat being kept afloat indefinitely. Not only this, but stainless steel construction is much lighter than wood construction, the deterioration (and hence the depreciation) is much less, and as a manufacturing proposition it offers many advantages.

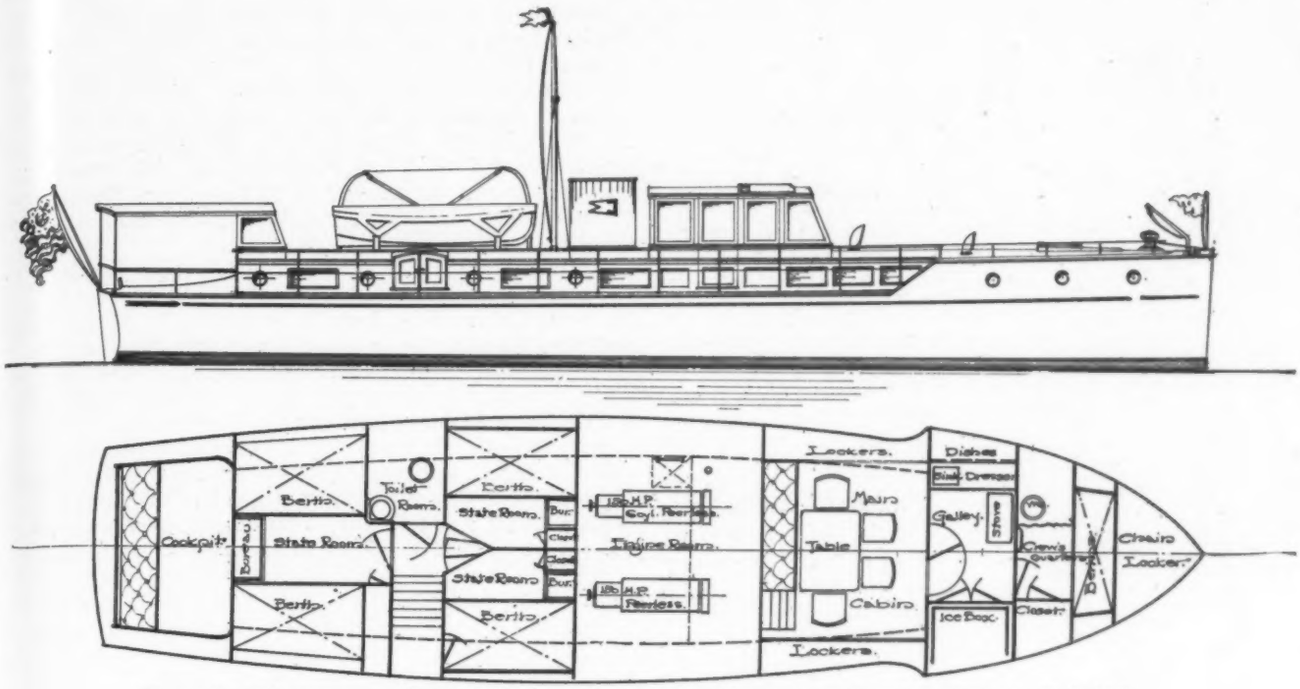
Safe Pleasure Boats, Inc., have recently finished several cruisers 32 feet, 2 inches long over all, with a beam of 9 feet and a draft of 2 feet, 10 inches. The model is of the V-bottom type, easily driven and extremely seaworthy. Equipped with two Erd 42 h.p. motors speeds up to 14 miles are obtained, and the twin installation minimizes the danger of engine failure.

A demonstration of one of these boats was made recently on the Connecticut River and was most satisfactory.

The cabin of the 32-foot steel cruiser is unusually attractive for a small boat.



The two Erd 4-cylinder 42 h.p. motors installed in a separate compartment between steel bulkheads.



Plans of a 56-foot power cruiser building for a New York yachtsman from plans by Chester A. Nedwidek.

A Handsome Power Boat

THE accompanying drawings are of a moderate size cruising power boat from the board of Chester A. Nedwidek. They show an unusually "snappy" looking craft. Ample accommodations have been worked out for the owner and his guests. For the personal use of the former there is a large double stateroom aft, fitted with two good sized berths with a bureau between. Just abaft the engine room are two staterooms, each fitted with a double berth, a hanging locker and a bureau. These make two real double staterooms for the use of guests.

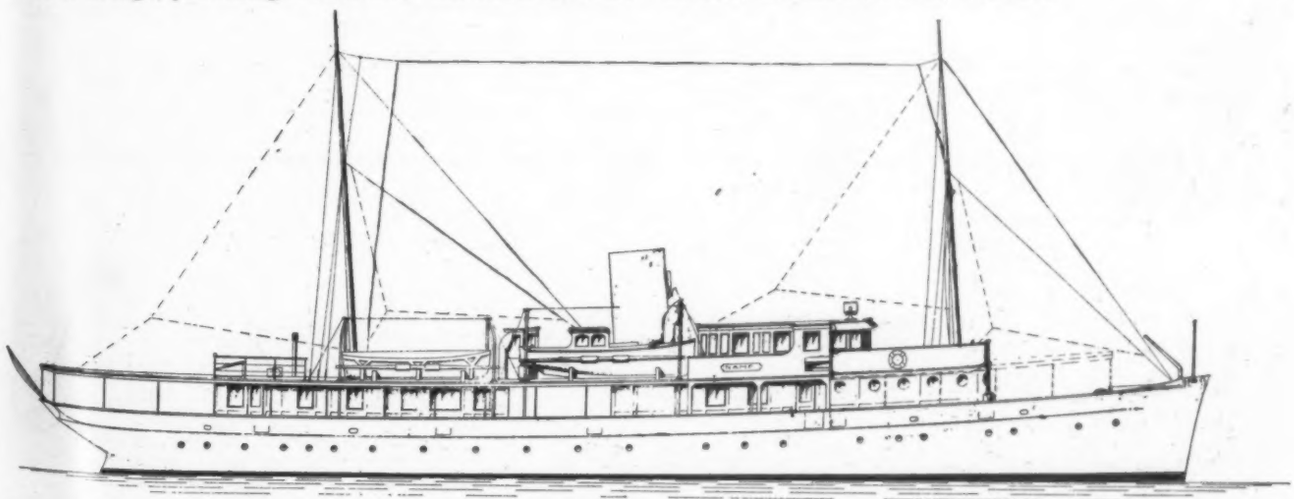
The main cabin is located forward of the engine room and is to be used as a general lounging place and dining room. It is entered from the deck house. Forward of the main cabin is the galley, fitted with an extra large ice chest, dresser, sink and dish lockers. The range will be a Protane gas stove. The crew's quarters are just forward of the galley.

The power equipment will consist of two six-cylinder, 150 h.p. Peerless engines. The deckhouse is really an enclosed bridge, providing shelter from the weather, while a transom seat fitted at the after end provides a comfortable lounging place. There is also a very roomy cockpit aft with a shelter at the forward end.

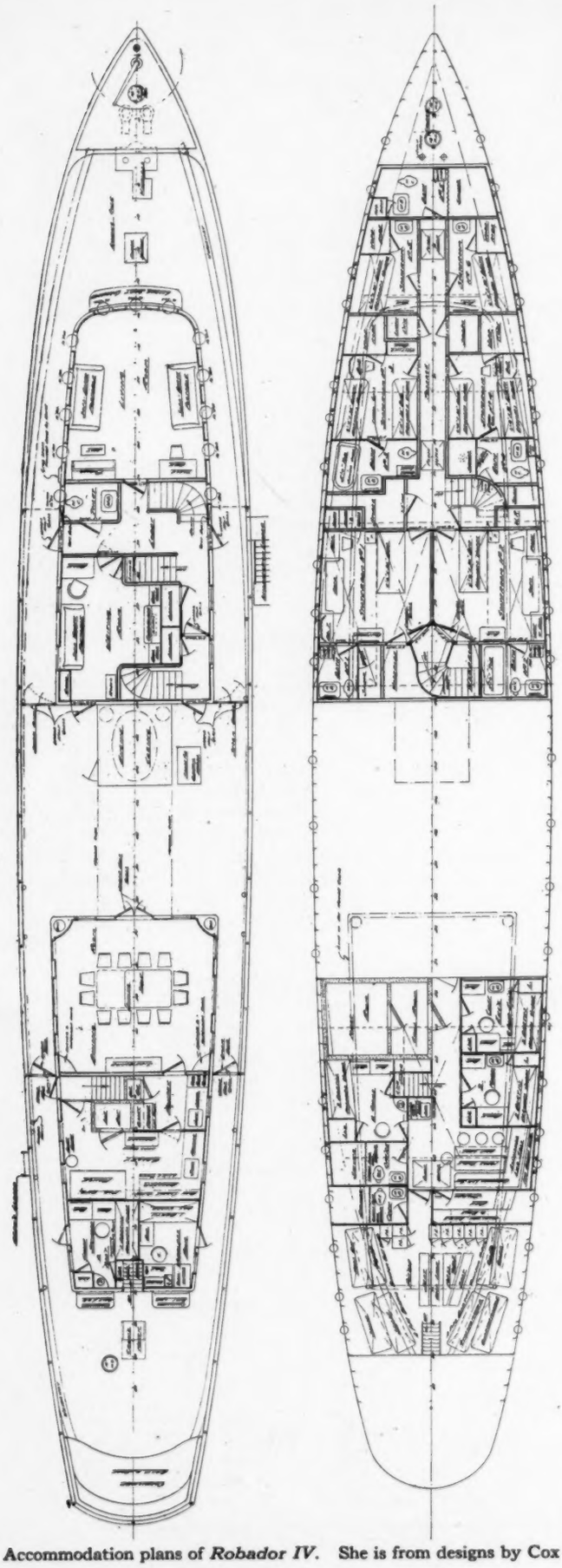
The dimensions are: length over all, 56′; beam, 13′; draft, 3′ 6″

Robador, a Seagoing Diesel Yacht

ANOTHER large Diesel-powered yacht that will be added to the fleet in Atlantic Coast waters this summer is the new *Robador*, built this winter for Robert Law, Jr., Commodore of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club, from designs by Cox & Stevens. The new yacht will be the fourth to bear this name, Commodore Law's flagship of last year, the *Robador III*, being quite a sizable boat herself, 110 feet in length. But Commodore Law desired a larger yacht with sufficiently seaworthy qualities for cruising both winter and summer, and for going offshore to the West Indies. The new boat, therefore, had to be considerably bigger than *Robador III*. Her length overall is 160 feet, 10 inches; water line, 148 feet; beam, 26 feet, and draft, 9 feet, 9 inches.



Outboard profile of 160-foot Diesel-powered cruiser *Robador IV*, owned by Commodore Robert Law, Jr., of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club.



Accommodation plans of *Robador IV*. She is from designs by Cox and Stevens.

She is an exceedingly handsome boat with heavy displacement, yet with a form of hull that should produce an essentially seaworthy craft, with lines that permit her to be driven easily and economically. Her power plant, which is located amidships, consists of two Winton-Diesel engines of approximately 450 horsepower each, which give the yacht a maximum speed of 14 knots, and for offshore cruising a speed of 13 knots. Fuel tanks have been provided of a capacity sufficient for a cruise of 6,500 miles without refilling.

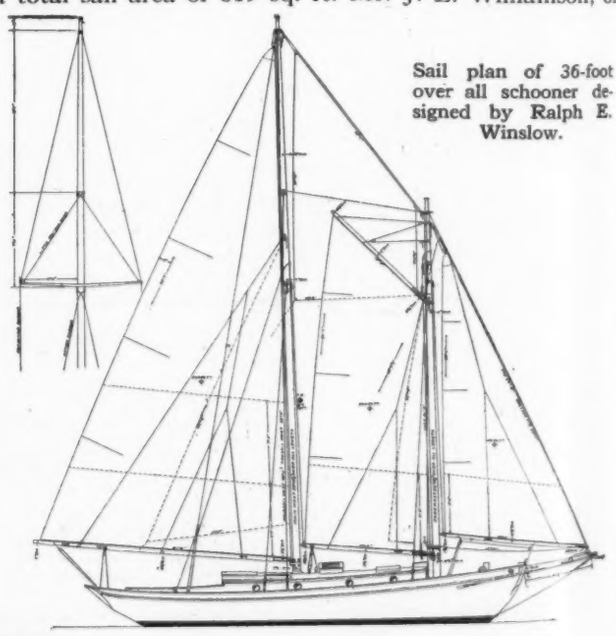
In some respects *Robador* differs from the majority of the recent designs of the same type produced by Cox & Stevens. Commodore Law preferred to have his living quarters forward, with the officers and crew aft. As a result, a double deckhouse arrangement was selected which provides a liberal amount of sheltered deck space for the owner's party between the two houses. The sheer is continuous, the freeboard moderate, while the stem shows a slight curve raking forward. There is also a deckhouse on the bridge deck, combined with a navigating bridge, while two pole masts on which staysails may be carried at sea add to the attractiveness of the design.

The bridge deck, which is continuous, affords ample deck space, and abaft the stack is an open shelter seat or windbreak. The pilot house on this deck contains quarters for the captain and an enclosed stairway to the main deck.

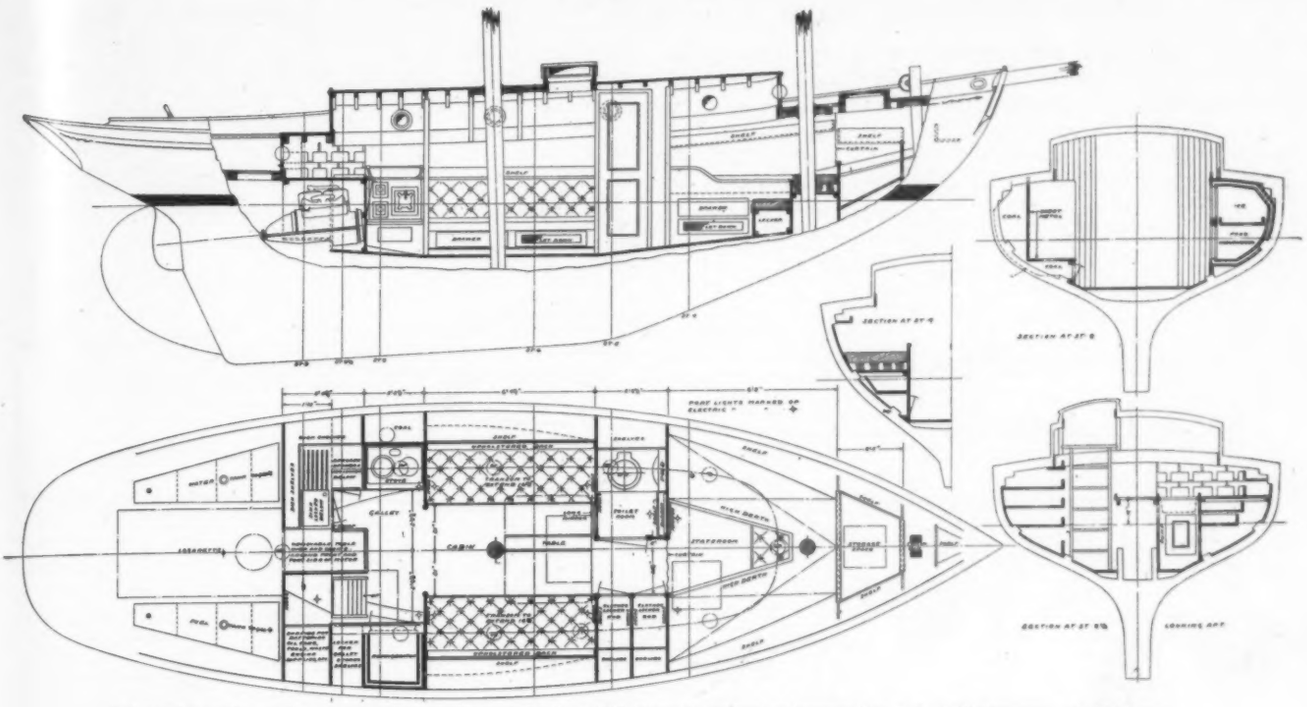
Of two steel deckhouses on the main deck the forward one contains a living room, fitted with large elliptical ports and a writing room or library, while in the after deckhouse is a large dining room, pantry and quarters for the steward and wireless operators. The owner's quarters on the berth deck forward consist of two large rooms for his own use, and two double and two single guest rooms, each with a separate bath. The crew's quarters are abaft the engine room compartment.

A New Auxiliary Schooner for Chicago

THE accompanying plans of a small auxiliary schooner for use on the Great Lakes are from the board of Ralph E. Winslow, of Atlantic, Mass., and show a neat little craft 36′ 7″ overall, 28′ 6″ waterline, 11′ beam and 6′ draft, with a Marconi main, gaff foresail and single jib, a total sail area of 819 sq. ft. Mr. J. L. Williamson, of



Sail plan of 36-foot over all schooner designed by Ralph E. Winslow.

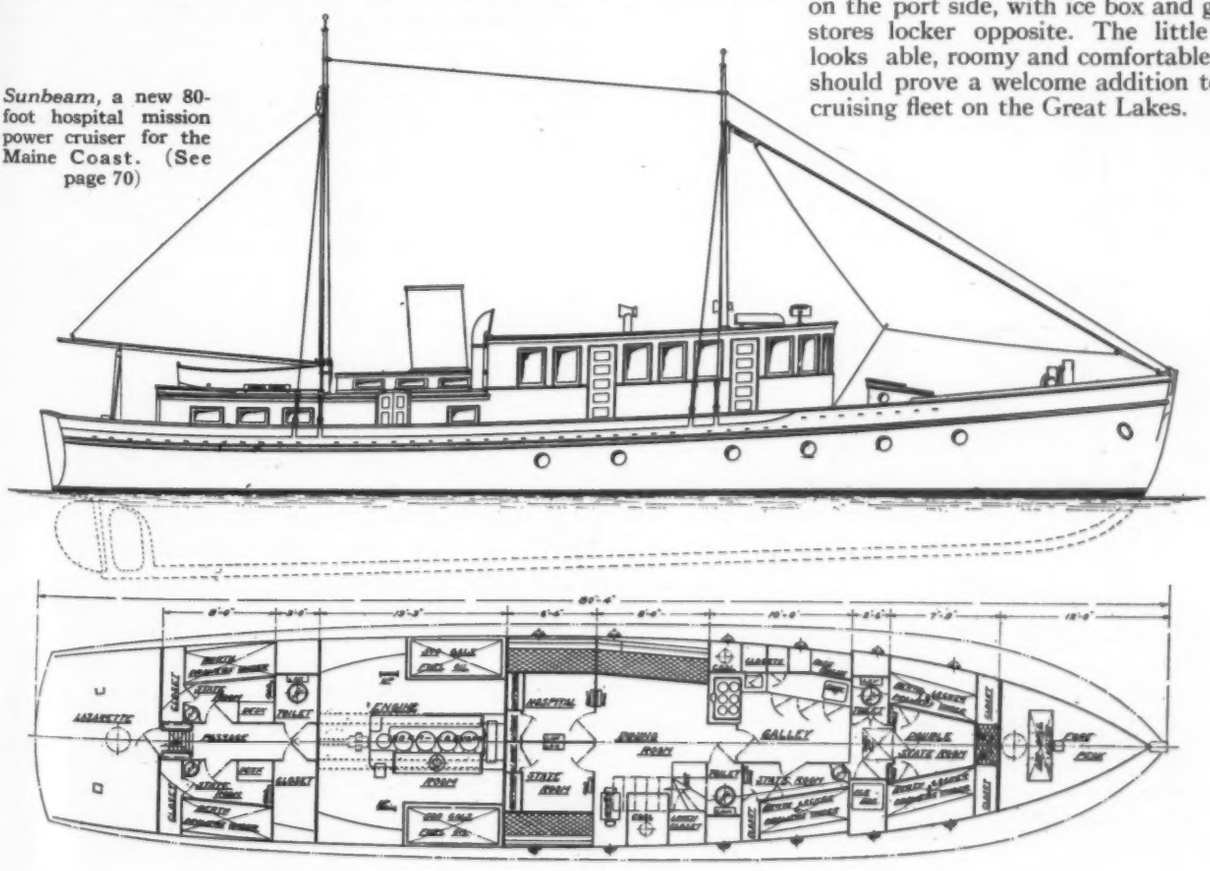


Inboard profile and accommodation plan of 36-foot Winslow-designed schooner for J. L. Williamson, of Chicago.

Chicago, for whom she is being built, wanted a boat with good stability and sea-going qualities, and cruising accommodations for six persons, with double stateroom and toilet room. An inspection of the plans shows a craft with good beam and freeboard, easy sheer, short ends, and moderate rig. There will be an iron keel weighing 7,000 lbs., and inside ballast of 3,500 lbs. Auxiliary power will be furnished by a Model F-4 Scripps, driving a Hyde feathering wheel, which is expected to give a good 7-mile speed. Tankage for 70 gallons of gasoline, and 70 gallons of water, assure a good cruising radius without refilling.

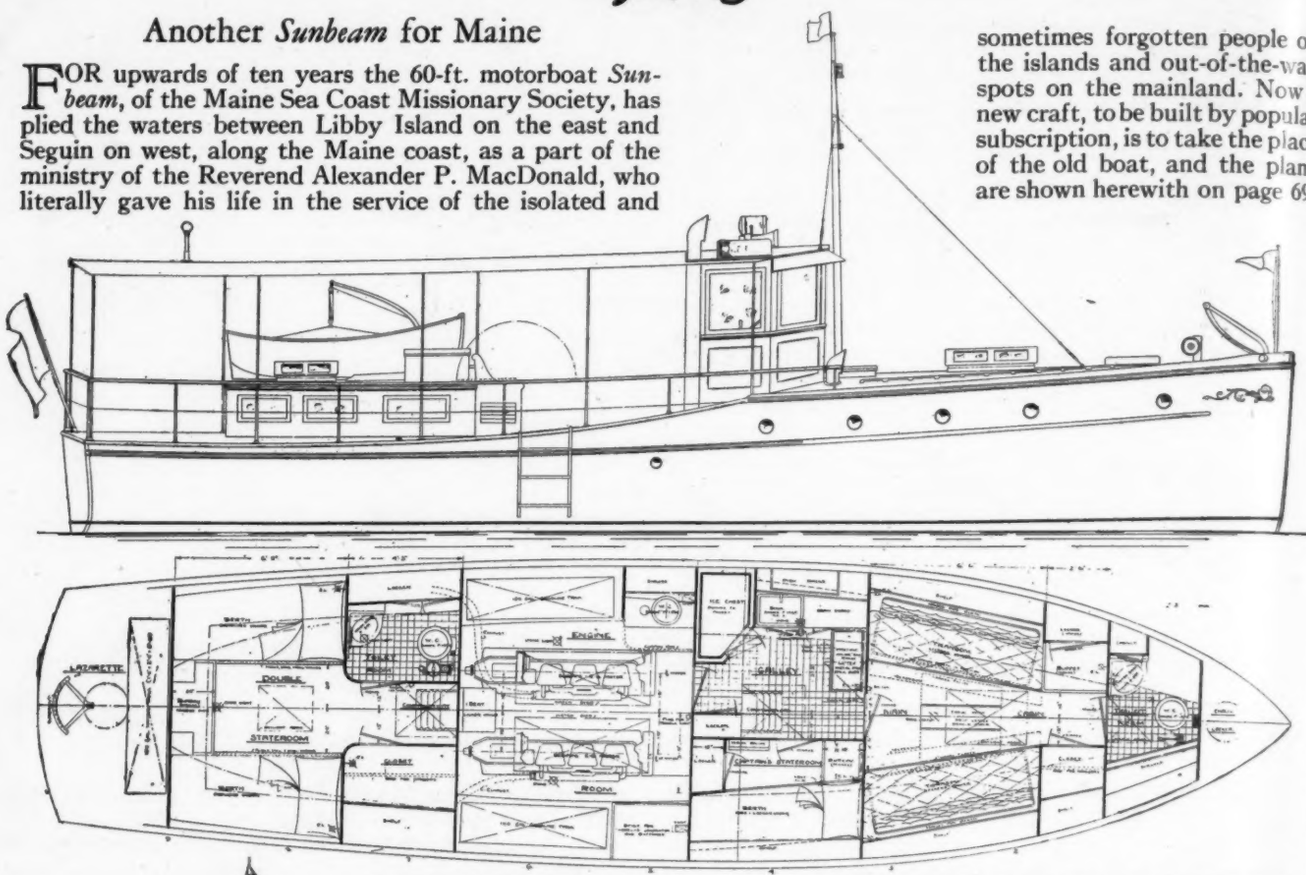
The double stateroom is forward and the main cabin amidships, with toilet room between on port side, and generous hanging lockers to starboard. The galley is aft on the port side, with ice box and galley stores locker opposite. The little ship looks able, roomy and comfortable, and should prove a welcome addition to the cruising fleet on the Great Lakes.

Sunbeam, a new 80-foot hospital mission power cruiser for the Maine Coast. (See page 70)



Another *Sunbeam* for Maine

FOR upwards of ten years the 60-ft. motorboat *Sunbeam*, of the Maine Sea Coast Missionary Society, has plied the waters between Libby Island on the east and Seguin on west, along the Maine coast, as a part of the ministry of the Reverend Alexander P. MacDonald, who literally gave his life in the service of the isolated and sometimes forgotten people on the islands and out-of-the-way spots on the mainland. Now a new craft, to be built by popular subscription, is to take the place of the old boat, and the plans are shown herewith on page 69.



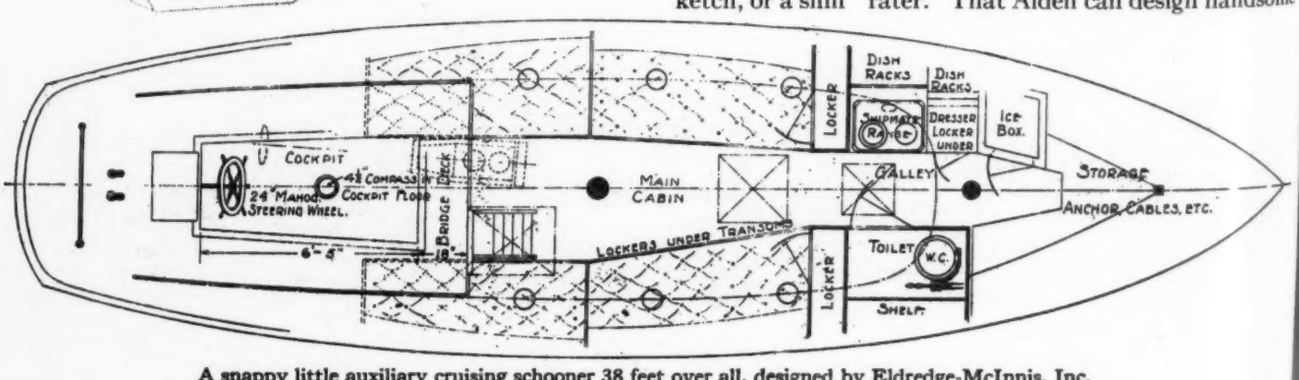
A 47-foot double cabin power crusier designed by John G. Alden, powered with 6-cyl. Scripps motors.

The new *Sunbeam* will be 80′ over all, 16′ 6″ beam, and 6′ draft, designed by Albert E. Condon, well known for his previous successful boats of this type along the coast. The profile resembles the 110-ft. subchasers, and the hull might be described as a fisherman model, with radius transom stern, flaring bow sections and fine seagoing lines. A lobster smack of similar size and type, running between Boston and Nova Scotia, has weathered many severe gales without harm to crew or cargo. A Diesel motor of 120 h.p. is expected to give a speed of 11 knots. A small auxiliary sail rig will be used for steadying effect in bad weather.

The deckhouse includes the pilot house, stateroom, saloon, and office for the Pastor. Below decks are two staterooms aft, with toilet and closet; then comes the engine compartment, followed by a hospital, stateroom, dining room, galley, and ample crew's quarters. Mr. Thomas Searls, of Bar Harbor, Me., is the treasurer of the fund being raised for the building of the new *Sunbeam*.

A 47-foot Semi-Express Cruiser

THE mention of an "Alden-designed boat" usually leads one to expect a husky cruising schooner or ketch, or a slim "rater." That Alden can design handsome

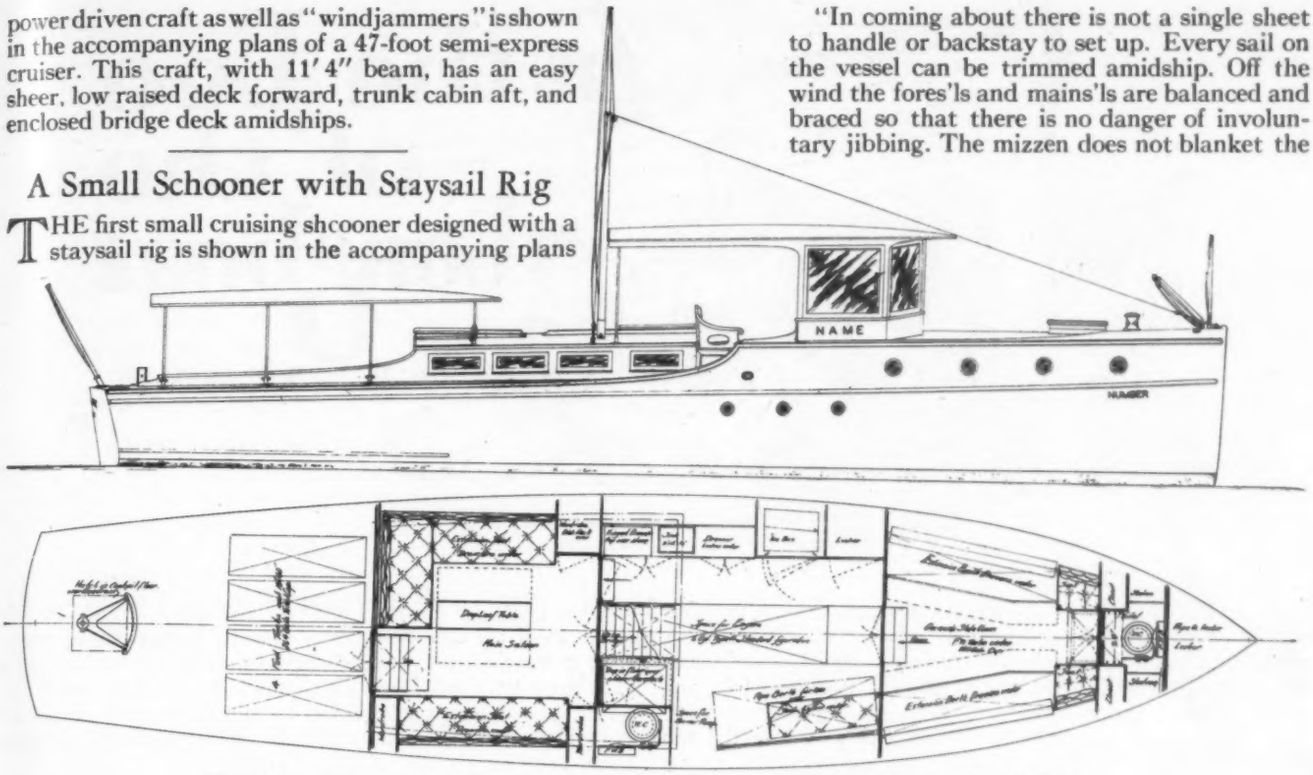


A snappy little auxiliary cruising schooner 38 feet over all, designed by Eldredge-McInnis, Inc.

power driven craft as well as "windjammers" is shown in the accompanying plans of a 47-foot semi-express cruiser. This craft, with 11′ 4″ beam, has an easy sheer, low raised deck forward, trunk cabin aft, and enclosed bridge deck amidships.

A Small Schooner with Staysail Rig

THE first small cruising shcooner designed with a staysail rig is shown in the accompanying plans by Eldredge-McInnis, Inc., of 160 State Street, Boston, Mass. This good looking little craft is 38′ over all, 27′ 6″ waterline, 10′ beam and 6′ draft, and is a moderate type of boat, with fairly good sheer and ends. The ballast will be lead, all outside. The Marconi mainmast has double backstays, the staysail has a boom working on a traveler.



Plans of an attractive 46-foot power cruiser now building from designs by Livingston & Rice.

A 46-foot Power Cruiser

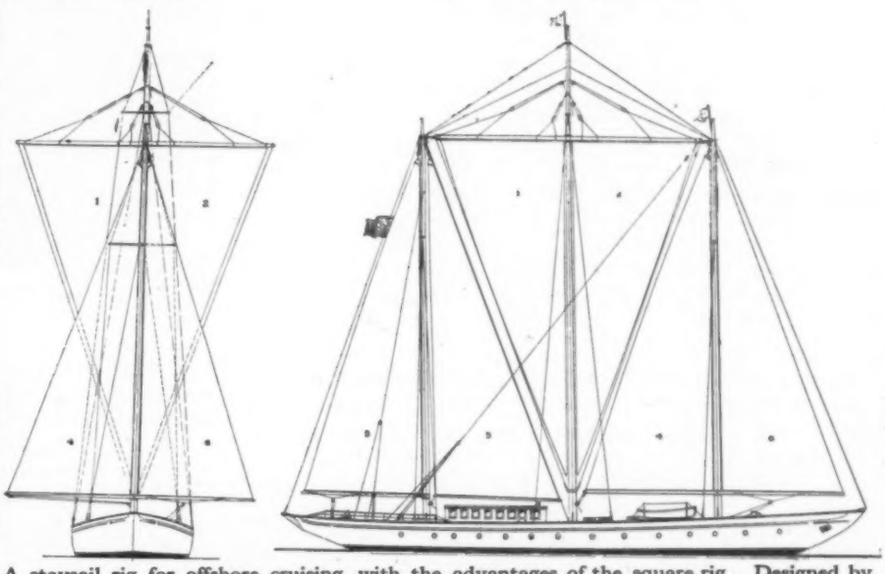
THE accompanying plans of a 46-foot power cruiser were drawn by Livingston & Rice, of 2 Rector Street, New York City, and show a neat little craft 45′ 10″ over all, 45′ water line, 10′ 9″ beam and 4′ draft, with sheltered bridge deck and fine after cockpit. Good accommodation for four or more in the owner's party is found in the after saloon and forward stateroom, with a berth for a paid hand in the engine compartment amidships. A good galley adjoins the main saloon on the port side, with toilet room opposite, and another toilet forward. Space is provided for the installation of practically any standard motor, and gasoline capacity of 260 gallons assures a large cruising radius without the necessity of refilling.

A Novel Seagoing Rig

THE plan of a rig for seagoing craft has been sent in by one of YACHTING'S readers, Harold T. Pulsifer, a yachtsman of long experience, which he believes combines the good points of a fore and aft stays'l rig and a square rig, inasmuch as it gives yards for running before the wind. Mr. Pulsifer makes the following claims for the rig:

"In coming about there is not a single sheet to handle or backstay to set up. Every sail on the vessel can be trimmed amidship. Off the wind the fores'ls and mains'ls are balanced and braced so that there is no danger of involuntary jibbing. The mizzen does not blanket the main, nor the main the fore. There is no excessively large fore and aft sail to strain the rigging in jibbing. Sails on the mainmast and foremast, being practically balanced, will jib with comparative smoothness. The size and distribution of the sails makes it obvious that little reefing would be required. A balanced rig, both off and on the wind, can be secured in many combinations of varied driving power. Sails on the fore and main run on stays. The sail on the mizzen is hoisted with hoops or on a track. This means that there is no weight to hoist except the weight of the sails. This obviously makes for ease and safety in handling. The advantages already cited are proof that the rig can be handled with a very small crew. There is not a sail on the vessel which cannot be hoisted

(*Continued on page 113*)



A staysail rig for offshore cruising, with the advantages of the square rig. Designed by Harold T. Pulsifer.

In the Lee of the Longboat

by Cap Stan

WHEN I was a youngster of 14 years or so, I got the racing fever. I shipped as crew with anyone who would have me. Some of the other young bloods, better off than I, "rented" an old plug of a catboat. Out we went, in the regular club races, and got regularly licked, race after race, by older hands at the game, in better boats. It was a regular procedure, varied only as to whether we came in second, third, or fourth. We *never* won a race for three years — there was a nine-year champion in our class, and the idea of beating this boat never even entered our heads. That champion boat, and her skipper, never lost an official race in nine years, so what chance had we, a bunch of kids in an old "bay cat," of winning a race?

How times have changed. The Juniors are mighty well taken care of these days. They own and race fleets of modern one-design boats. They have their own races, amongst themselves — a chance to *win* a race once in a while, and not merely fight for seconds, thirds and fourths. And, holy smoke! They have their Junior Championships, local and national! And the local champion crew goes to Marblehead and scraps it out with the champions of other localities. Why, I raced for over ten years before I ever got away from my own bailiwick!

It's a great thing, this movement for developing the juniors. They have real boats, organization, and instruction. They are bound to develop into keen racing men by the time they are ready to vote. Most assuredly, in the next five years we should have a crowd of young Corinthian skippers able to hold up their end in any company, and in ten years, those who stick should develop into racing experts — a whole flock of them—instead of the few real top-notchers on the job today. So I'm a booster for this Junior movement. It gives the youngsters the incentive for sane, healthful, enjoyment, and will be a tremendous boost for American yachting of the future. Go to it, Juniors!

* * *

Not long ago it was "block and fall" whiskey — walk a block, and fall. Now I hear it's "block and tackle" whiskey — walk a block and tackle anything. Is our hootch improving?

* * *

Shortly after the *Lloyd W. Berry* won in the Fisherman class in the 1924 Bermuda Race, there was a lot of noise from the direction of Detroit and Chicago about entering several craft from the Lakes in the next event. But it looks as if all this noise was merely a gesture, as there isn't a single fresh water craft or crew entered in this year's event. Too bad. The gang on the *Berry* did fine work, and I fondly expected to see some more Freshies come down and show us again that the salt water pun'kins aren't the only ones on the vine.

Mystic, *Quita* and *Sagamore* are all owned by Philadelphians. That's the best showing Quakertown has made in yachting circles in many moons. I hope at least one of the Quakers cops a mug — it should be a big boost for the game along the Delaware and on the Chesapeake.

Back in 1924 I took a Brodie and named several probable winners in the different classes — and didn't do so badly. This year, I frankly admit I'm completely up in the air, as far as the Bermuda Cup is concerned, and Class A, also. The largest boat, *Dragoon*, stands the best chance of leading the fleet across the finish line, as she will have bang-up handling, is longer on the waterline, and will probably be very fast with the wind forward of the beam. But in Class A, it sure is a toss-up. Can *Dragoon* save her time on the two Seawanhaka schooners, *Windjammer*, and four or five modern, fast, Alden-designed craft? Darned if I know who will win in this class — your guess is as good as mine, and the breaks of the game will have a lot to do with it.

Black Goose (ex-*Mystic*) should win in Class B if she gets the handling. If Charley Atwater enters *Duckling*, he should stand a fine "gambler's chance" of winning in this class, and maybe the Bermuda Cup besides. The Class C, or "fisherman type" boats have not been classified as yet, though I believe you'll see *Countess* scrapping it out with *Surprise*, with the former favored to win.

Weather and luck will have a lot to do with it. And if the weather suits her, look out for *Windjammer* — that baby can "travel some" when the going suits her.

* * *

If you are at all interested in the keel *vs.* centerboard controversy, don't fail to read and study Fritz Fenger's article in the last issue. Fenger is not only a deep student of the game, but has been through the mill of blue water sailing under all conditions of wind and weather, and combines theory and practice in a most convincing discussion of the action of the different types of boat in a hard chance in the open ocean. If anyone feels he can

(*Continued on page 99*)

Eastern Model Yachtsmen Challenge the West

IN the hope that the model yachtsmen of the West Coast may soon see their way clear to send representative models East to join in the Eagle Cup Race, Commodore Tucker, recently elected Commodore of the Prospect Park Model Yacht Club, has decided upon a bold step and at his suggestion, the Prospect Club has issued a challenge to the entire West Coast for a series of races this summer.

As will be noted from the challenge, published herewith, the San Diego Yacht Club, of San Diego, California, has very kindly offered its club and home waters for the race and has appointed a committee to handle the event.

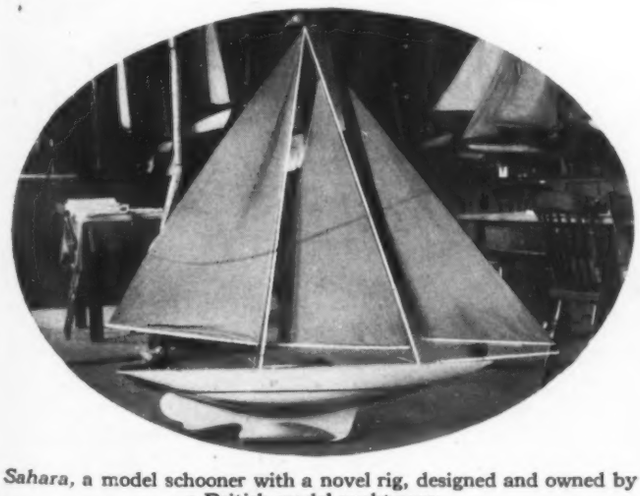
That the Prospect Park Club means business is evidenced by the fact that they have already forwarded to San Diego one Class B and one schooner class models, both of which are now tuning up in San Diego's beautiful harbor, and a third model, Class C, is on her way via the Panama Canal by government transport. It looks as though the Pacific Coast will have a task before them.

The eastern club has nominated E. Stuart Tucker, one of its members, to defend the challenge at San Diego, and has authorized him to select such model to sail in each race as the best interests of the home club and good sportsmanship dictate.

The Challenge

To further promote interest in model yacht racing, to encourage the designing and building of model yachts and to demonstrate by actual test, as far as practicable, the speed, stability and seaworthiness of the various types, as well as to develop the sailing ability of skippers of models, and with the end in view ultimately to see clubs from the Pacific Coast represented in the races for the Eagle Cup, and other important eastern races, the Prospect Park Model Yacht Club, of Brooklyn, New York, hereby challenges any club or reputable individual to a series of races as follows:

All races to be held on open waters, and of from 1 mile



***Sahara,* a model schooner with a novel rig, designed and owned by a British model yachtsman.**

to 1½ miles in length, first race to be an equilateral triangle, second race to windward and return, third race same as first race, fourth same as second, fifth same as first. The winner of best three out of five to be awarded the prize.

Models to be handled from rowboats and as nearly as possible to sail under same rules as are prescribed for the Eagle Cup races in the east.

Date: To be set by mutual agreement between any model club, or clubs, or individual, and the San Diego Yacht Club.

Place: San Diego, Calif.

Chairman Race Committee: Joseph Jessop, San Diego, Calif.

All correspondence to be addressed to Mr. Jessop at above address.

***Lorelei,* Class C challenger of the Prospect Park Model Yacht Club.**

Melrose Highlands Model Yacht Club Races

THE first race for the 1926 season was held April 19th at Lake Quannapowitt. There were six models entered but the race proved a sailaway for Wildon's *Phantom*, the other boats being unable to finish owing to accidents.

The second race was held at the same place, April 25th. A strong westerly wind kicked up quite a sea and gave fine racing. Roswell Roulston's *Shark* won this race by a large margin. *Phantom* was second, followed closely by the *Rogue*, A. R. Brown, and Henry Andrews with his *Rascal* was forced out by carrying away some rigging.

Selecting a Challenger for the British Model Cup

THE Model Yacht Racing Association of America will hold elimination races near Boston, June 27th and 28th, in order to choose a challenger to send to England to represent the Association in the races for the *Yachting Monthly* Cup, which stands for international racing between miniature yachts.

At the present writing it looks as if the Boston Model Yacht Club and the Providence Miniature Yacht Club will be the only two entering the elimination races, although any other club that is a member of the Association may enter boats, not more than two entries being allowed from any one club. Boston is building several model yachts to the British rule and Providence also has two or three boats that are eligible. One of the Boston entries will be the *Bostonia*, built and sailed by John Black.

The Committee that will handle the elimination races consists of F. H. Tucker, of Prospect Park, Howard Griffith, of Central Park Model Yacht Club and Joe Weaver.

The Sea, the Ship, and the Sailor

(Marine Research Society, Salem, Massachusetts, 1925)

THE age of steel and steam has forced much of the romance and adventure of early sea life into a cobwebbed past. As long as the old sailing ship days remained a reality, records of voyages had little interest, for the present seldom holds our attention in romance. However, today we read eagerly of early happenings on the sea. The Marine Research Society, of Salem, Massachusetts, has brought to light much of this information, and in "The Sea, The Ship, and the Sailor," with an introduction by Captain Elliot Snow, U. S. N., we have stories which should live easily through the ages.

The volume is one of tales of adventure gathered from log books and other original narratives. All of the accounts have been hitherto little known, and two are here published for the first time: "A Journal of a Voyage of the Brig *Spy*, of Salem (1832–1834), John B. Knights, Master," and also a "Narrative of Events in the Life of John Bartlett, of Boston, Massachusetts, in the years 1790–1793, During Voyages to Canton, the Northwest Coast of North America, and Elsewhere." These two accounts give much of the color which surrounded that age of true master mariners sailing from the New England ports.

They were all of them men of iron — frequently of a surprising immaturity in years — and yet often honest, if homely philosophers. The narratives portray all of this and much of the native life in out of the way places of the world, as well as routine on shipboard.

In a "Narrative of the Adventures of Captain Charles H. Barnard of New York, During a Voyage Round the World (1812–1816)" one finds more accounts of early American shipping customs. The adventure element is paramount in this tale, for Captain Barnard was abandoned on the Falkland Islands, where he spent two years, part of the time with three companions and for several months in complete solitude — save for penguins and wild hogs. This section is perhaps the most fascinating, and without a doubt best exhibits the resourcefulness of Yankee skippers.

William Mariner was one of a few survivors when the *Port Au Prince* was destroyed by the natives of the Tonga Islands. The tale presents strikingly the various ways of the South Pacific Islanders. Mariner occupied a unique position among these savages and stood in a light which warranted a narrative of really a little more quality than this, which unfortunately falls a little beneath the level maintained in the rest of the book.

"The Adventures of John Nicol, Mariner, During Thirty Years at Sea" is truly most fascinating. Nicol was past master at the art of spinning yarns — and even "fish" stories, we thought, when we read of one shark Nicol found, containing in her stomach "four hogs, four full-grown turtle," and "forty-eight young ones eighteen inches long." Nevertheless, his tale has serious interest as well.

Each narrative is an entity in itself, yet the collection of five are delightfully fitted to the company of each other, and the book has the wherewithall for several comfortable evenings ashore or afloat. It should go down as a necessary addition to nautical history.

J. G. S.

In the merry month of May — and we don't mean maybe.

The Seven Seas

Before Commodore Arthur Curtiss James set sail on his voyage 'round-the-world in 1922, he made sure that the Aloha was finished with Valspar. Photo by M. Rosenfeld, N. Y.

Though you sail the seven seas — anchor in a thousand ports — you'll sight no finer, fitter craft than those which boast a Valspar finish.

That's been true for many years and it's just as true today.

Take for example: a graceful, square-rigged bark, such as Arthur Curtiss James' *Aloha*; or *Shadow K*, Carl Fisher's magnificent new Diesel Yacht; or *Lanai*, that won so convincingly in last year's International Six Meter Races; and many other famous speedboats like *Miss America*, *Teaser* and *Baby Bootlegger*. Every one Valsparred!

Wherever there are fine boats there you will find Valspar

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

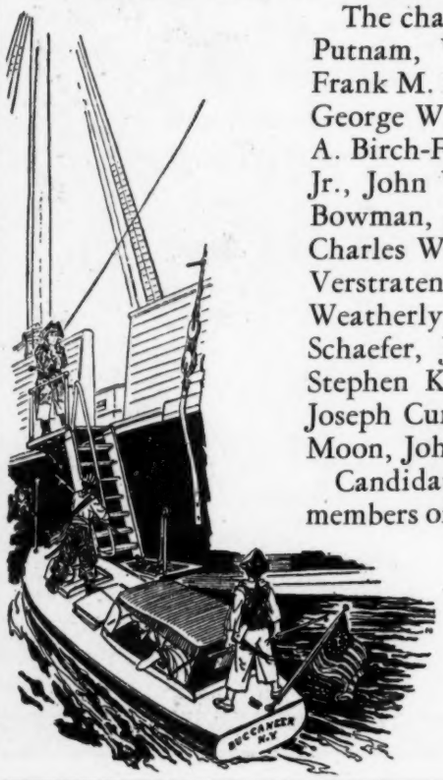
THE BUCCANEERS CLUB

Announcing The Buccaneer, a cruising clubhouse, available to members only, in New York and Florida waters. Sunshine, sea air, yacht and boat races, fishing and swimming, with privacy, seclusion and all the advantages of a private yacht.

THE Buccaneers Club, duly chartered under the club laws of the State of New York, with objects centering around encouragement of fondness for sailing the sea, is planned with the intent of making available to members an attractive ship at such places and seasons of the year as will serve the greatest number, with all of its operations to be carried on without profit to members, directors or officers.

Among other aims, it is intended to provide a medal or decoration of honor to be awarded annually to that American citizen whose conduct in the judgment of the committee to be selected by the board of directors presents the outstanding example of heroism on the high seas.

The Board of Advisors includes Vincent Richards, H. J. Doc Kelton, Henry Birrell, Esq., Francis T. Hunter, George Palmer Putnam, Ferriss P. Merritt, James V. Reddy, Arthur B. (Bugs) Baer, Fontaine Fox, and Walter B. Solinger. Honorary members are Captain Robert Bartlett, Miss Rosita Forbes, "Dr. Walter E. Traprock," Arthur Sullivant Hoffman, Alan L. Eggers, Capt. John F. Milliken, William Beebe, Esq., Theodore Roosevelt Pell, Captain William J. Munro, Robert Ripley, Douglas Fairbanks, Captain George Fried, Lieut. Com. R. E. Byrd, Frederick O'Brien, Lt. Donald Call, W. Merton Rice, Fitzhugh Greene, and Noel Davis.



The charter life membership list includes Vincent Richards, G. P. Putnam, Wm. H. Vanderbilt, Horace Parker, Frank H. Clark, Frank M. Leavitt, Henry Birrell, Arthur (Bugs) Baer, Fontaine Fox, George W. Helme, Charles Weisbecker, Dunbar B. Adams, Charles A. Birch-Field, Francis T. Hunter, Joseph Bancroft, Alfred E. Smith, Jr., John W. Frothingham, Earnest Elmo Calkins, John McEntee Bowman, Jack Curley, Warner M. Van Norden, Brian C. Curtis, Charles W. Camp, Otto Braunwarth, E. Irving Hanson, Jacques L. Verstraten, Preble Tucker, George E. Ruppert, James A. Jonas, R. H. Weatherly, Thomas O. Moon, Harry J. Kelton, F. P. Merritt, H. W. Schaefer, James V. Reddy, Thomas Weatherly, George T. Bye, Stephen K. Simkhovitch, Parks F. Hanley, Robert C. Benchley, Joseph Cummins Chase, Richmond Page, George F. Merritt, C. P. Moon, John A. Callender, Morgan H. Clement, Fred A. Poor.

Candidates for membership must be proposed and seconded by members of the club and shall be elected by ballot cast at any meeting of the membership committee. If the applicant shall receive more than one negative ballot he shall be rejected, otherwise he shall be deemed to have been elected.

THOMAS ORLANDO MOON, *Captain of the Buccaneer*
Master in Sail and Steam, all Oceans, any Tonnage

THE BUCCANEERS CLUB

The right New Yorkers for a limited charter membership in The Buccaneers Club have been selected and invited under careful sponsorship of leaders in the professions, society, literature, finance, sports, and the stage and screen. Are you on the list?

THE BUCCANEER is a five-masted barkentine, as far as can be ascertained the largest in the world, length 254 ft. 6, beam 45 ft. 4, moulded depth 22 ft. 6, under light draft 12 ft., loaded 20 ft., wooden construction, seven years old, fully equipped and was overhauled and copper painted in February, 1925.

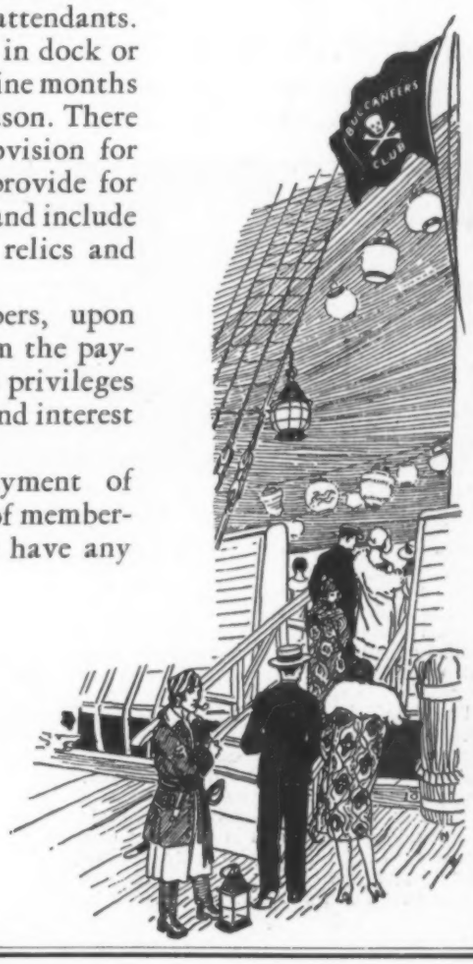
This is a three-decked ship with a raised forecastle head forward and a quarter deck aft, straight sided, the beam of 54–6 starting just aft of the cat-heads, and extending to just forward of the break of the poop. This arrangement makes the well deck nearly 200 feet long with a continuous width of 45 ft. 6.

The cabin aft, the top of which constitutes the quarter deck, consists of two double staterooms, four single staterooms, captain's suite, ward and chart rooms, officers' galley and cook's quarters, equipped with electric lights and a telephone system connecting with the forecastle. The deck house forward contains engine room, galley and crew's quarters; ample space is afforded below deck for rest and dressing-rooms and quarters for attendants.

The ship will be available to members on cruise and in dock or anchorage in New York and Long Island Sound waters nine months of the year and the Florida resorts during the winter season. There will be many unusual features, excellent cuisine, provision for dancing and entertainment. Plans for reconstruction provide for enlarged accommodations for members and their guests and include space for the preservation and exhibition of marine relics and antiquities.

CHARTER LIFE MEMBERS—Charter Life Members, upon payment of initiation fee of $200, shall be exempt from the payment of annual dues, shall be entitled to all rights and privileges of membership, including the right to vote, hold office and interest in the assets of the club.

SEASON MEMBERS—Season Members upon payment of annual dues of $50, shall have all rights and privileges of membership except that they shall not vote, hold office, nor have any title to or interest in the assets of the club.



Office on Shore

25 WEST 43rd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

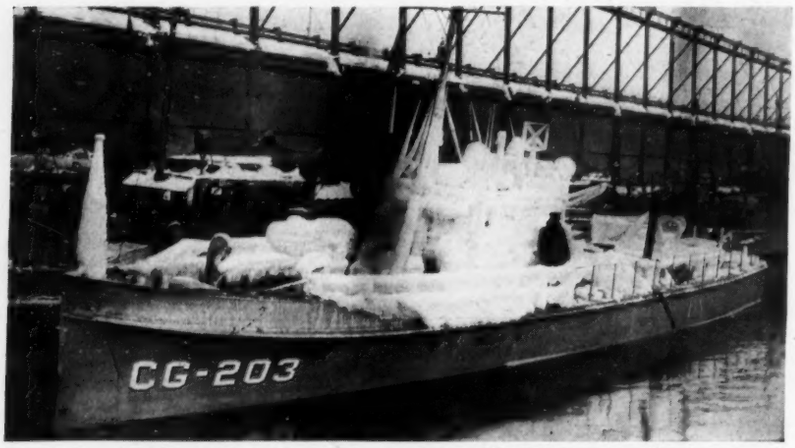
Suite 1008-9

MURRAY HILL 4304

Of Interest to the Skipper

When Winter Gales Rage

An idea of the hardships endured by the Coast Guard in the every day performance of its duty may be gained from the accompanying photograph of CG-203, one of the fleet of 75-footers built especially to chase rum runners. The photograph was taken on February 12th, upon the arrival of CG-203 at Section Base 2, Staten Island, after a stormy trip from Cape May, N. J. A northwest gale whipped spray and solid water over the little ship until the weight of the ice on her decks and upper works became a menace to her safety. The twin Sterling engines, with which all the 75-footers are powered, performed without a hitch throughout the hazardous trip.



Coast Guard Cutter 203, iced up after a winter trip off the coast. She is powered with two Sterling engines.

"Airaft," the "Boat in a Bag"

A light weight, portable, buoyant and non-sinkable tender or life raft, called an Airaft, and dubbed "the boat in a bag," is now ready for distribution by the Airships Incorporated, Hammondsport, N. Y. Originally designed and built as a tender for airships and submarines, its remarkable success induced the builders to offer it to the public as the lightest, safest, most compact and portable craft for all kinds of aquatic sports.

The Airaft is constructed of the same grade and weight of multi-ply rubberized fabric as is used in the manufacture of non-rigid airships, and is waterproof, airtight, tough and durable. The inflated members of the boat are subdivided into bulkheads to give added safety, and in the event of a hole or cut the fabric may be easily repaired with a patch and rubber cement. The boat will support a useful load of 750 lbs., can be inflated by a bellows or pump in about five minutes, and may be rowed, paddled, pushed or sent along at a good clip with an outboard motor. It is said to be quite safe and seaworthy, and weighs but eleven pounds when rolled into a small, compact bundle for carrying or stowage. It makes an ideal swimming raft for camps, and should prove valuable as a tender on small yachts, and as a "safety boat" on ocean races.

The "Airaft" is the latest in small boat tenders.

Crodon, a New Non-Tarnishing Metal

The Chemical Treatment Company, Inc. of New York have recently placed on the market a new metal finish which should prove a great boon to yachtsmen inasmuch as it does away with all brass polishing, the bugbear of the sailor, and yet keeps the metal bright at all times. It is suitable for treating binnacles, ships bells, cleats, chocks, port lights, windlass bitts and the like. It gives a bright silver nickel polish which will not corrode or tarnish even under the influences of salt water and brine and only needs to be rubbed occasionally with a dry cloth or chamois to keep it as bright as your table silver should be. Many new yachts coming out this year will have their deck equipment finished with Crodon.

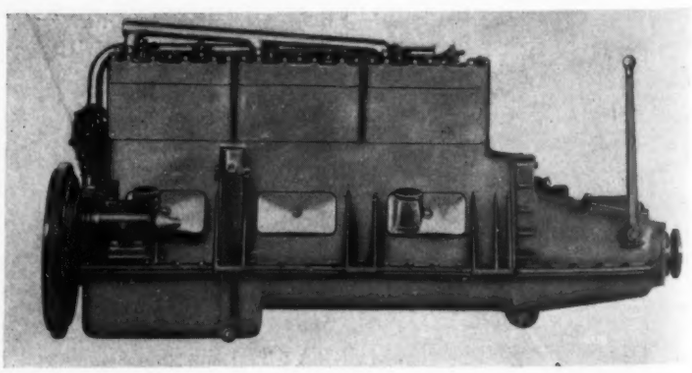
A set of deck fittings for Colonel H. H. Rogers' new yacht, treated with Crodon, the new non-tarnishing metal, made by the Chemical Treatment Company.

The New G-6 Scripps Motor

The new Model G-6 Scripps motor, which was exhibited at the Motor Boat Show, is now in full production, and early delivery is assured. This is a development of the successful Model F-6, with cylinders 4¾" x 5¾", of the L-head type, of 612 cu. in. capacity. The high speed model is rated at 150 h.p. at 1800 r.p.m., the medium duty 100 h.p. at 1200 r.p.m., all models being built in true right and left hand types.

The G-6 represents about the highest possibilities of 6-cylinder marine engine design and construction, its predominating features being unusual compactness, a fine combination of lightness and strength, un-

(*Continued on page 96*)



The new model G-6 Scripps motor rated at 150 h.p. at 1800 r.p.m.

NO MORE POLISHING

New Metal Finish — Never Tarnishes

WHETHER you have a large yacht or a small cruiser you will be interested in the new and revolutionary CRODON finish now being applied to all types of marine hardware and fittings.

For, if the bright work on your boat is plated with CRODON, it will never rust nor tarnish and will retain its bright lustre indefinitely without polishing.

CRODON is the trade name of a chrome alloy applied as a surface coating by the Chemical Treatment Company or its licensees to many types of metal products to improve their appearance and make them proof against rust or corrosion. It never needs polishing; an occasional wiping to remove grease or other foreign matter keeps its beautiful lustre unchanged. It is so hard that it remains un[illegible] after years of service

Specify CRODON *for:*
- SHIP'S BELLS
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- CLEATS
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If you are interested in eliminating the expense or the labor of keeping the metal work on your boat clean and bright, arrange, if possible, to see our marine display at 26 Broadway, New York. If this is impossible, use the attached coupon in sending for our special booklet on CRODON for Marine Hardware and Fittings.

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Gentlemen: Please send me your booklet "CRODON for Marine Hardware and Fittings."

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Address.....

City.....State.....

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Haven't you had enough annoyance with those run-down batteries—those smelly oil lamps? Don't go through another season that way—end the agony once and for all by installing HOMELITE.

The only suitable light plant for boats under 60 feet in length.

The light plant that is 100% dependable.

The light plant that is in use all over the world because it *makes* good and *is* good!

SPECIFICATIONS

Length 21", width 14", height 21". *Weight:* 110 pounds. 600 watts. 12-32-110 volts. With or without batteries.

The portable electric light and power plant

$195 *Generator Ignition*

$225 *Magneto Ignition*

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Smith-Meeker Eng. Co. New York, N. Y.	Hector C. McRae Baltimore	Henry H. Smith Detroit
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Walter H. Moreton Co. Boston, Mass.	Warren F. Meier Lakewood, Cleveland, O.	Harcol Industries Inc. New Orleans, La.
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Fellows & Stewart Wilmington, Cal.	Hoffar Marine Const. Co. Vancouver, B. C.	Seattle Marine Equipment Co. Seattle, Wash.

There is a HOMELITE Dealer near you—let us arrange a demonstration

Trying Out *Wanderer's* New Rig

(*Continued from page 34*)

too late to prevent it, dived overboard and swam for a few seconds in the icy water. The amazement of the crew was great.

After breakfast we all went on deck and were astonished at the balmy air. Mr. Morgan scanned the horizon, rubbed his eyes and asked if we had sighted Bermuda. Heavy coats, sweaters, and ear flaps, necessities of life the day before, were now cast aside.

While the yacht rolled lazily in the now calm water a dory was launched with Mr. Morgan, Mr. Lippitt, the photographer, Mr. Church, and myself in it as it was lowered from the davits. The falls seemed too frail to hold us, but we took the water without mishap. Scouting alongside the schooner Mr. Church and I entered into a competition, he with his enormous camera and I with my tiny Kodak. We took many pictures of the ship from all angles.

After we had boarded the ship again, a small launch came alongside. She was a most dilapidated craft, as were the two members of her crew. They seemed at first doubtful of our identity; but soon they became quite sociable and prepared to do business, although we had no intention of buying their goods.

Then, suddenly, they started their engine and sped off like a shot. Amazed at this speedy departure, we chanced to look behind and over the port quarter the graceful gray lines of a coast guard boat loomed against the sea. Turning again, thoroughly amused at the procedure, we could see no more of the tiny craft which only a few moments before had been under our lee. With the aid of two Liberty motors beneath her dirty, salt-encrusted deck she had disappeared from sight while the coast guard cutter labored on in pursuit.

Evidently we were now shrouded in suspicion, for the cutter, abandoning her chase, encircled us several times, seeming loath to leave. Without hailing us, she finally darted off. During our trip three other cutters patrolling beyond the three mile limit signalled for us to stop. An officer of one came aboard, but was satisfied that we were poor prey. It seemed to us a bit presumptious of him to board a private yacht on the high seas, especially a vessel that bore no signs of being a rum runner.

During the light weather of the morning our trysail was taken in; the stops were cast off the great mainsail and with one man to hold the turns and another to coil down it was hoisted by the power winch. The hauling part of the wire halyard was made fast and eight men jumped to the heavy jig to straighten the hemp luff ropes as taut as a steel bar. The clew of the sail was likewise swayed out and the great sail was set. Next we set the Queen staysail and were soon close hauled in a freshening breeze and making good progress.

Just before 12 o'clock the captain and our amateur navigators collected on the quarterdeck for a noon sight. This, together with earlier sights for longitude, placed us close to Cashe's Ledge. As the afternoon wore on a most unmistakable wintry tinge came in the air. An ominous sun dog was, in the captain's opinion, a sure sign of bad weather not far off.

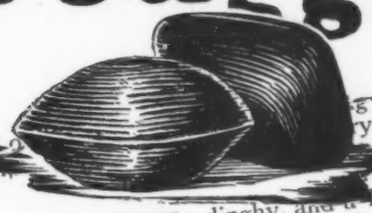
With a stiff breeze and sheets eased we set our course for Cape Ann and before dark picked up the two great towers on Thatcher's Island. That night the *Wanderer* lay at anchor off Cape Ann.

The next morning it was dead calm and snowing. We had hoped for a smart breeze, but the fates were against us. Thick weather had set in, so we decided to proceed under power back to Boston. The channel which had been cut out with so much difficulty was still open to us and without event we reached our berth at Lawley's and the cruise was over.

A Fuel Suggestion

Clipped from the April Issue of

Yachting



...topmast above mastnead, 24 ft.; boom ... ft.

Flying Cloud ready for her long voyage.

...g the Shipm... ...ry contained three logs and four ...roll of spare canvas.

...has two boats, a 12-foot sailing dinghy, and a 14-foot boat which was formerly a launch, out of which I removed a perfectly good engine. These boats were carried on davits swung inboard, hanging high enough off the deck to allow all water on deck to flow under them freely. Full life boat equipment was put into each of them, oars, rudder, five gallons of water, food, bailers, and small sea anchors. Life buoys with automatic lights were placed on the after davits. The required stuff for life lines was on board. In the starboard boat reclined a Johnson outboard 'mot... and two gallons of gas in a ... When I say that in the five months I have owned this motor, it has given me much service and no trouble, I can will deny it must be fool proof.

There was also stowed in the bilge 800 lbs. of coal, 45 bags of charcoal, besides 200 lbs. of the best Shipmate fuel to be found, namely Ford charcoal briquettes, made by the Ford Motor Co.

Yachtsmen prefer Ford Charcoal Briquets because they burn twice as long as lump charcoal, giving an extremely hot fire without smoke or soot, and with minimum ash. Moreover, being packed in convenient sized bags, this fuel is especially easy to handle and requires little space. On your next trip take along a few bags of Ford Charcoal Briquets. Any of the distributors listed below will supply you.

Ford

Charcoal Briquets

Sold by

BALTIMORE, MD.
Lyon-Conklin & Co., Inc.

BAY CITY, MICH.
Robert Gage Coal Co.

BOSTON, MASS,
Batchelder & Felton Coal Co.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
The Chapin & Bangs Co.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Chas. Schaefer and Son

BUFFALO, N. Y.
Chemical Charcoal Co.

CHICAGO, ILL.
Berger Bros.

CLEVELAND, O.
Goff-Kirby Coal Co.

DETROIT, MICH.
Viger's Coal & Wood Co.

DULUTH, MINN.
Duluth Ice & Fuel Co.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.
John Alden Coal Co.

GREEN BAY, WIS.
H. Danz, Jr.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
F. Wittig & Co.

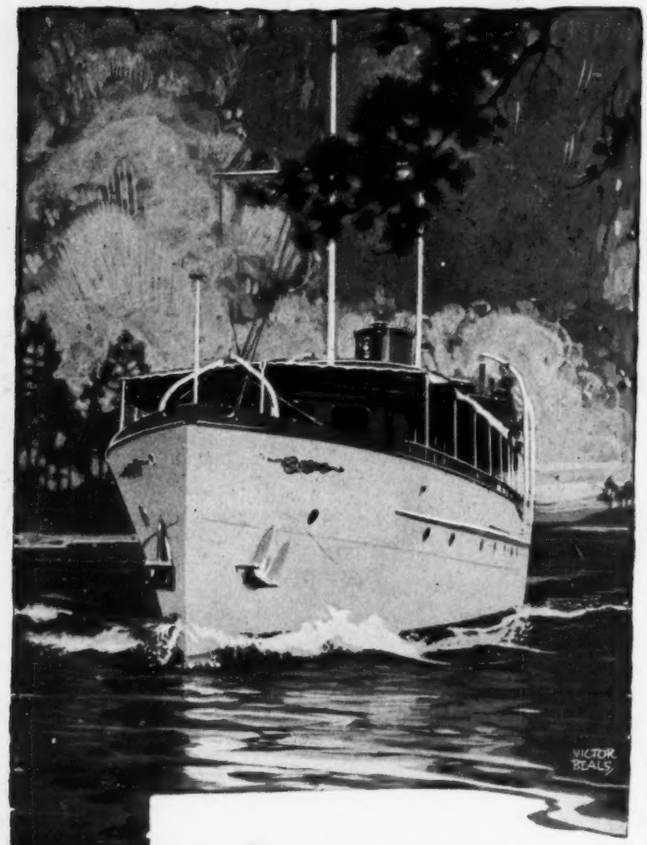
MONTREAL, QUEBEC
Charcoal Supply Co. of Quebec, Ltd.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Bell Charcoal & Coal Co.

PORTLAND, ME.
Randall and McAllister

TOLEDO, O.
Home Fuel & Supply Co.

TORONTO, ONT.
Charcoal Supply Co., Ltd.



IF YOU HAVE NOT YET realized your ambition to go exploring in your own boat—come to Consolidated!

Let us show you how completely your own individual requirements can be met by our designers, who will turn out a staunch, speedy, perfectly appointed craft in which you can cruise from the rocky coast of Maine to the coral keys of Florida—a boat on which you can offer your friends right royal entertainment; a boat which will be a source of pride for years to come.

For, after all, there is no real substitute for a Consolidated built boat.

Consolidated, with longer experience and greater facilities than any other builder of complete pleasure boats, stands ready to meet your requirements in wood or steel construction. Ask for our booklet "Concerning Yachts."

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SHIPBUILDING CORPORATION
MORRIS HEIGHTS NEW YORK CITY
Speedway Engine Sales Department
A. G. GRIESE, Inc. 341 Madison Avenue, New York City

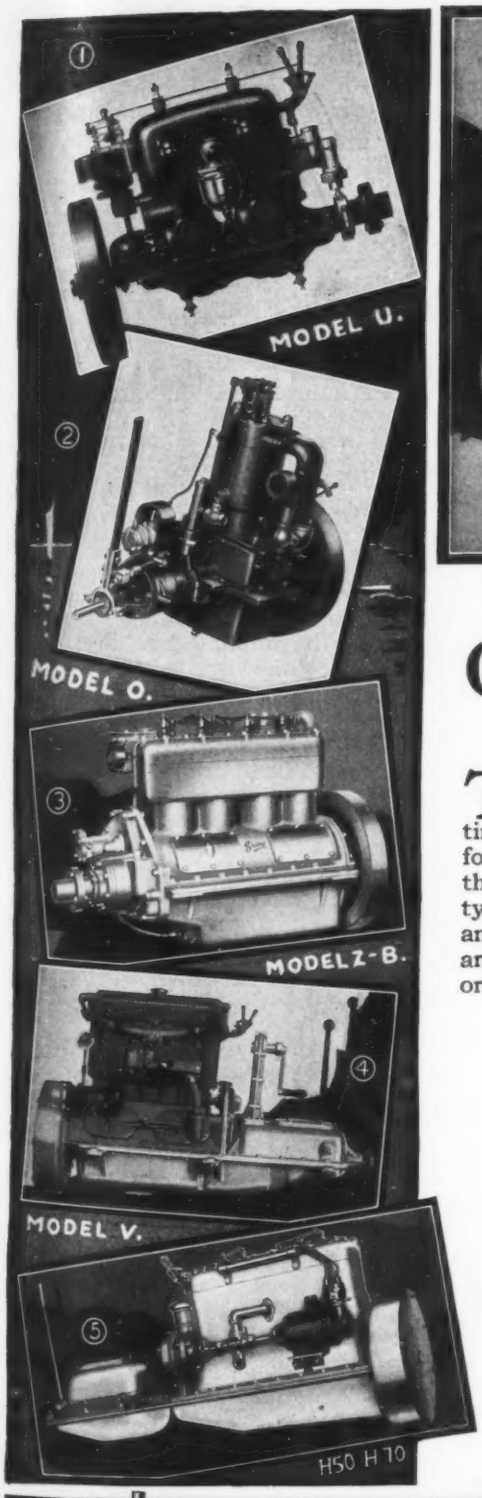
Breaking in the Bosun

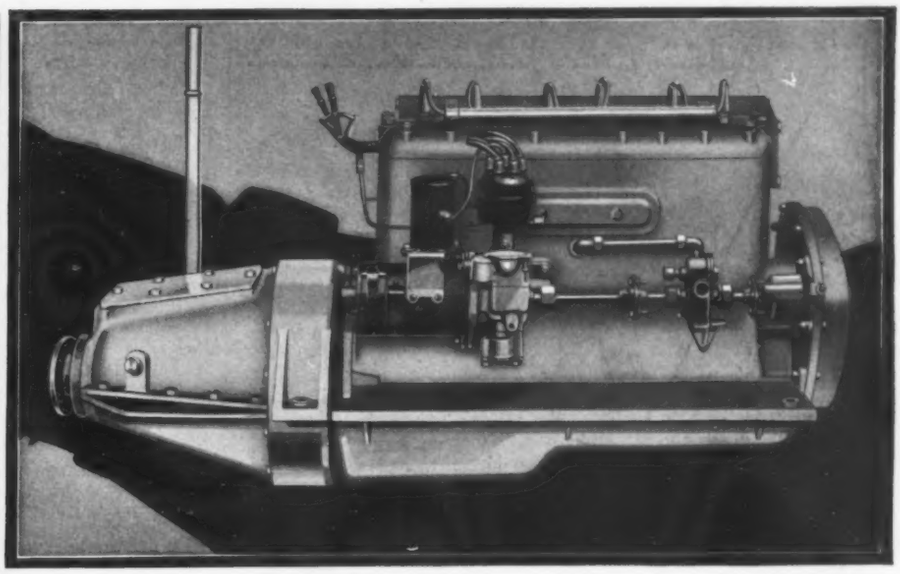
(*Continued from page 37*)

clearing the way for another. "A real ho-harts," and he slid off the string piece to our deck. "You did not sail her over? No? But yoost the same they go far out in the North Sea with these boats." Hoogartsen of the open type, he meant, even more heavily built than *Filalou*, with a mere cuddy forrad for cooking, and a large open well between it and the cockpit, to hold their fares of flounders. And then he surprised us by declaring that in the opinion of the fishermen, the open hoogartsen could carry sail in a hard chance longer than the closed, or yacht type, because the wind, he went on to explain, buckets down into the weather side of the boat and so tends to counteract the heeling effect. A winter's argument for "sea lawyers," that; and yet there may be a wee bit in it, for as every one knows who has handled a ketch, there is considerable down draft from the sail overhead. What is more likely, granting that the Hollander's first contention is correct, is that with the open hoogartsen in which the foot of the sail is not brought down rather snugly to the upcurving cabin roof (especially when the tack tackle is bowsed down), the freer escape of the wind from the sail would result in greater efficiency; and hence, less burying effect. In any event the open hoogarts invites its own doom in the end, and it has been no rare occurrence for practically a whole fleet to be overcome in a winter's gale tearing adown the full length of the North Sea. Even so, one gains the impression that these craft are extremely weatherly because of their easy buoyancy and light ballasting. Their generous saucer-like bilges are, perhaps, their most saving grace. And after all, one must keep in mind that they have been developed largely for dredging oysters, the succulent round oysters which are planted and transplanted in the closed seas by successive generations of marine garden Hollanders — "every Hollander has mud on his forehead" — who sell them at three cents apiece in the local markets.

The planking and timbers, we were told, come from Sweden and are laid down in wet storage; that is, pickled in salt water for six or seven years before being put into a boat — which explained the date marks we found grooved on every piece when first we stowed the ballast. Built for all time and to withstand any amount of hard usage. And he went on to yarn of an uncle's boat which had gone hard on a stone dyke in "half a gale," at full tide. Balanced on the very edge of the dyke, she was, with a precious fare of oysters aboard, and, "You think they took out them oysters? Oh, no. They waited till the wind went down and the tide came up again!" For she was planked with *three inch stuff!*

But we have been gamming long enough. It was noon of a lovely churchy Sunday when our old friend out of the southwest came over the town and invited another romp across the shoals. A little board, and with the tack brought down almost to the goose-neck, she steered at a finger's touch. Right over Shovelful and Long Shoal, this time — Lord, how the water yellowed under us! — and then for the fun of it we tucked Pogue almost under our weather board — for all the world like a rampin' turkey gobbler with one wing home and the other trailing in the dust! So close, we were, that the keeper came running out and tried to wave us off with his cap. We owe an apology to that watchful keeper o' Pogue, for how could he know that we could sail where any flapper might wade without pulling up her skirts! And when we were all clear we saw him scratch his head as he walked back to the house, muttering, no doubt, over the way we had cut his blessed corner. A right smart beat into Edgartown where the crew of the *Michabo* gave us an





Two New Gray Sizes — 50 h.p. and 75 h.p.

Over 60,000 Gray Motors

Good Since 1906

THROUGHOUT the world you will find Gray owners. There are more than sixty thousand Gray owners. Many of them are not first time owners, — their present Gray is their second or third and even fourth. Many are operating a fleet of Gray powered boats. The boats that these sixty and some odd thousand Gray owners use, represent every type of motor boats in many and varied services. There is no doubt in any user's mind about the suitableness of Gray power for his boat. There are many hundreds of successful Gray installations in boats just like yours or the one you will buy.

The Gray Line Complete

Model "U" — 6–8 h.p. 2-cycle, 2-cylinder. A motor of quality. New low price $144.00

Model "O" — single-cylinder, 4-cycle valve-in-head. Magneto or timer equipped, weight 165 pounds. Operates on gasoline or kerosene
$99.00 to $136.00

Model "ZB" — 14–25 h.p. open flywheel type, for oystermen, lobstermen and all small commercial boats
$270.00 to $295.00

Model "V" — 25–35 h.p. Overhead valves, weight 550 pounds. Suitable for runabouts and cruisers
$595.00 to $720.00

Model "H-50" — Gray Mogul, bore 4″, stroke 5″. Brute power at medium speeds; rugged construction
$525.00 to $700.00

Model "H-70" — 4¾″ x 5¾″ $1100.00

Model "Z" — 14–25 h.p. Light and compact, ideal for auxiliary installations, complete with electric starter
$395.00 to $466.00

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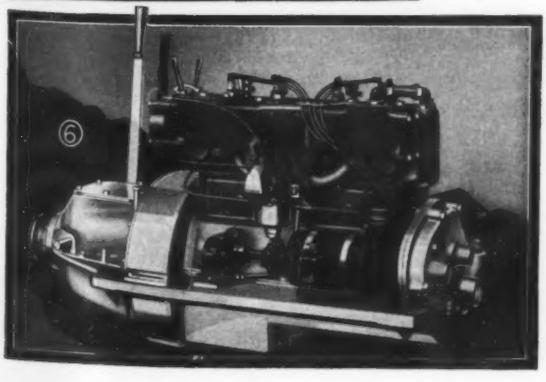
720 Lafayette Avenue, East, at Canton, Detroit, Michigan



GRAY MOTORS

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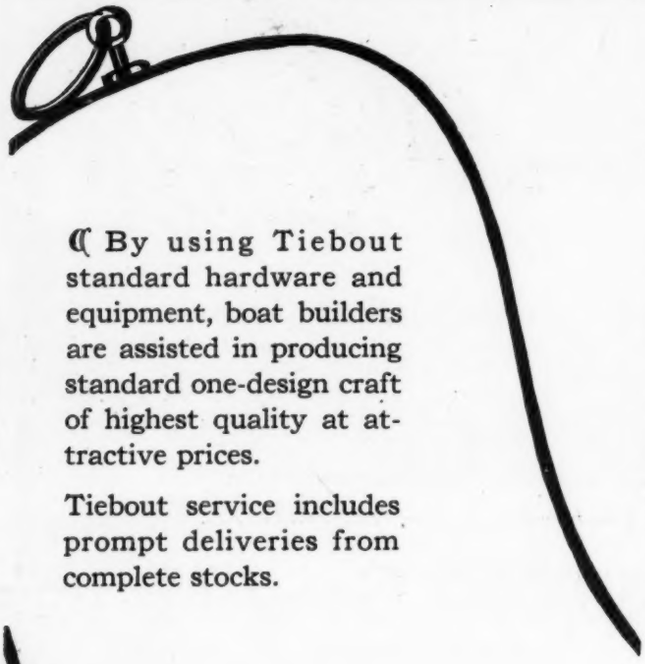

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Tiebout service includes prompt deliveries from complete stocks.

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Standard Equipment

W. & J. TIEBOUT
MARINE HARDWARE
118 Chambers St. New York

admiring welcome as we came tearing in and casually let go to weather of the small fry.

Another day, and all too soon, we were once more crossing the Sound. Down mains'l for the last time, off the jetties of Falmouth, and the jib lead us in. Then down jib, to lose some way, the hook was dropped, and we warped in to the wharf.

Oh, Ole? Sitting on the rudder all this time? We'd forgotten the sulky little squarehead, or if he did come to mind it was as a piece of yacht jewelry not to be taken too seriously. But he was chastened now, and came out of his sulk — he really had been suffering from aboulia of the magneto — and was made to run, squirting like a clam.

And that was a fitting climax to our philandering junket to Nantucket. A stiffish northwest breeze was blowing down the harbor and it was with some misgivings that we cast off from the dock and swung round to our anchor for our first trial. But Ole was gallant as any tingle-tanglin' squarehead *can* be, and escorted his big shapely lady friend from Kruispolder right into the wind at close upon three knots. And her bottom was rather foul, at that. In a flat calm she will make close upon four knots and what more can be asked when one bears in mind that here is auxiliary power of low cost that is quite apart from the internal economy of the vessel. There is neither vibration nor smell below and as for noise one would think that Ole were on some inquisitive tender "having a look." When sailing there is so little drag from the tiny two-bladed propeller as to be almost negligible, a mere hand drag of which one is not conscious when steering. To be sure there is some vibration in the tiller when under power, but that will largely be overcome when a small thrust piece is placed close to the waterline on the rudder to take the whip out of the shaft which was given an extra length in order to bring the flywheel within handy reach of the counter. About a pint to the mile, or eight miles to the gallon. Fair enough. And next year Ole will no doubt be wearing a tin hat with a fussy little pompom on it — to keep off the rain!

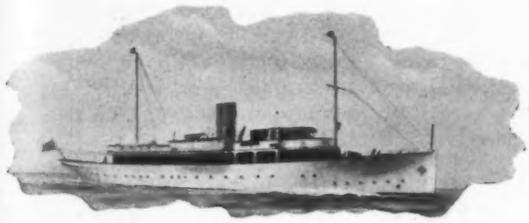
So at last we transfer our *vast personal luggage* to the ever settling Rolled-Oats (2 to 4 cylinders) and bid adieu to *Filalou* (and you, for that matter) — the Mate, the Bosun and the humble skipper who rates no capitals, all bound home for Rum Gagger.

Gauntlet Goes A-Seeking

(*Continued from page 40*)

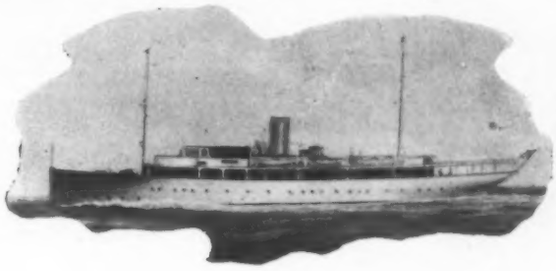
nothing of it. But if it is of any interest to others who are not so continually afloat, here is a rough outline of the stores carried, and which varies only when fresh provisions are secured in port.

Flour and sugar we get in big bags, of course. Bread is taken at the start; but chief dependence is placed in Swedish Health Bread, or Knackbrod, which is excellent. Ordinary dry crackers, and pilot bread we have, but rarely use. Hams and bacon are taken in oil paper and cotton cloth. Jars of bacon, too. A tub of Frankfurters in brine; sausage in tins or jars; summer sausage, smoked, for snacks between meals, and three or four sorts of canned fish, kippers, herrings, salmon, sardines, shrimp. Corned beef, and corned beef hash are staples, but we always make the hash up into a real food with more potatoes, onions, etc. Chili con Carne we find good on a cold night. Beans, dry and in cans; half a dozen kinds of vegetables, including sourkraut. Boneless chicken, and College Inn Chicken a la King and beef stew. These last are fully as good as any freshly made dishes. Fruit is carried rather largely, for we have found its value when water is low. And as for water, when we have our tanks and kegs full, we still have several gallon bottles of Poland water stowed away so inaccessibly that there is



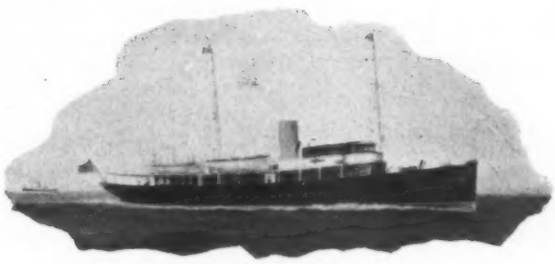
SAVARONA

Richard M. Cadwalader, Jr., *Owner*
Length over all, 185 feet 0 inches
Length water line, 174 feet, 0 inches
Breadth, 27 feet 0 inches
Draft, 11 feet 0 inches
Speed, 16 knots
Twin-screw Diesels, 1600 h.p.



ARCADIA

Galen L. Stone, *Owner*
Length over all, 188 feet 0 inches
Length water line, 177 feet 0 inches
Breadth, 27 feet 6 inches
Draft, 10 feet 6 inches
Speed, 16 knots
Twin-screw Diesels, 1600 h.p.



PAWNEE

Harry Payne Bingham, *Owner*
Length over all, 160 feet 0 inches
Length water line, 151 feet 0 inches
Breadth, 26 feet 6 inches
Draft, 11 feet 0 inches
Speed, 14 knots
Twin-screw Diesels, 900 h.p.

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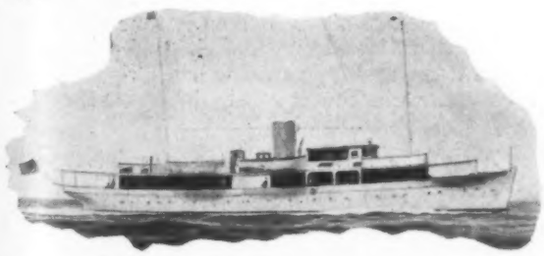
ROBADOR

Robert Law, Jr., *Owner*
Length over all, 160 feet 10 inches
Length water line, 148 feet 6 inches
Breadth, 26 feet 0 inches
Draft, 9 feet 9 inches
Speed, 14 knots
Twin-screw Diesels,
900 h.p.



JOSEPHINE

Edmund S. Burke, Jr., *Owner*
Length over all, 140 feet 0 inches
Length water line, 132 feet 0 inches
Breadth, 24 feet 0 inches
Draft, 8 feet 6 inches
Speed, 12½ knots
Twin-screw Diesels,
550 h.p.

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no temptation to broach it. That is our emergency water; and never yet has it been broken into.

Jams and marmalade find place; cheese in cans; butter in cans; fresh fruit, such as lemons and oranges. Two or three items we have found excellent, too, are canned corn on the cob; canned grape fruit; clam chowder, among other soups. Ox tongue in glass jars, too, is part of our regular stores; potatoes and onions, of course; and our latest experiment is ready made pie crust, and fish cakes. The pie crust simply requires mixing with water only; the fish cakes only have to be turned out of the tin, made into cakes, and fried. Both are very good. We gave up taking dried fruit some time ago, never getting much satisfaction out of it. We have tried milk in most of its forms; the powder is as good as any. Coffee and tea are either bought in sealed tins, or transferred to Mason jars at once.

Our deck gear is not a bit yachty, but it is simple and efficient. Instead of a boom crutch, we use a single tackle, set up to the port bitts. The mainsheet is hauled taut then, and whether for reefing or stowing the arrangement is good. Reefing, it is easier than getting the boom in the crutch, and besides the whole mess is out of the helmsman's way. Lying at anchor, one doesn't hit the boom with his head rising from the companionway. Then boom tackles are carried always in place; same with reefing tackles and earrings. Combined quarter lifts and lazy jacks permit both main and foresails to come right down on to the booms, and stops are rarely passed. The sails won't blow adrift in a gale.

There is not much more to tell. It was a fine cruise; the people and the country are all that could be desired, and, taken by and large, far more American yachtsmen ought to make the trip and see one of the finest yachting grounds in the world.

Privateering with the *Fair Trader*

(*Continued from page 43*)

with, for they did not know him yet. Shortly afterwards he quarrelled with the other officers a number of times and told that damn the one of them had done their duty.

"When on the 27th of January we got the foremast shortened after a good deal of care and trouble, and had to cut it four different times, being then in the latitude of 32.25 and the sea a great deal smoother — when we arrived at a small port on the coast called St. Roque we had to sett up the rigging, with a good many other things to do. I was then assisting the boatswain, when Captain Morgan comming foreward said that the mast was not stayed (forward) enough. I told him that it had been stayed more, but the stay had stretched so much that it had gone aft some since it had been set up. He then went aft muttring that he would make the damned Yankees know who he was before they were done with him, and saying that he had not forgot that it was by the means of the gunner and me that we did not shorten the foremast the first time, with a good deal of threatning and abusive language."

At this point the indignant Boswell lays down his pen, leaving the non-Yankee commander of the *Enterprise* to his reward. It must have been a wild life and a hard one, when a captain would undertake to lift the foremast out of a schooner of 225 tons, shorten it four times until he got the length to his liking, and then step it again with shearlegs and set up his stretching hemp rigging, while his ship rolled gunwales under on the high seas!

The New Barnegat Bay-Manasquan River Canal

(*Continued from page 48*)

canal. It is believed, however, that the prevailing wind will be the telling factor: a heavy southerly rushing Barnegat's waters into the Squan River and a norther raising the water level in Barnegat.

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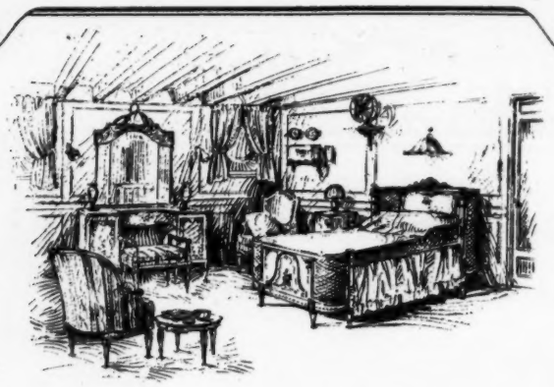

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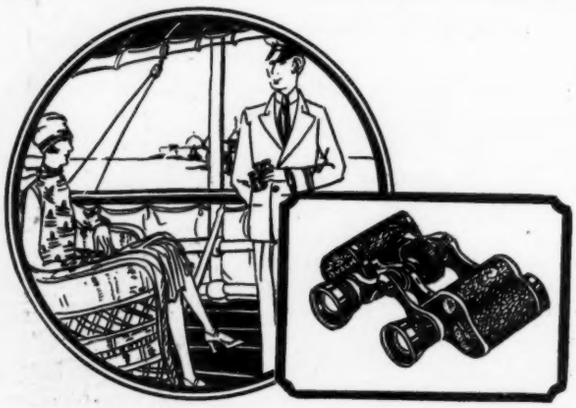

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Storm's End

(*Continued from page 56*)

her she was lying in the same position, braced against our deep rolling — wide-eyed. The boys crammed handfuls of cold boiled rice and tinned fish into their mouths and shivered in their few wet rags. We all took quinine.

There was another night of struggle. I began to feel that joint-stiffening and eye-burning that come of too many hours in oilskins. The boys didn't sing now; they sprawled on the counter, never so much as moving when the warm seas sloshed aboard, as they did frequently.

It was calmer by morning; the seas were more regular. But there was no sleep for me. We were far from land and I had to watch my course and wait for the hidden sun.

By noon it was beginning to clear. The decks dried. We let out the imprisoned boys in the hold, and they, Oh, perversity of human nature! took one look at the heaving, dull ocean and retreated below again.

One by one my good boys fell asleep on the long counter. They lay like dead men, heaving this way and that with every surge of the ship. At 3 o'clock I got my observation, felt a glow of pride as it checked well with my D. R. Then, while I kept a lookout for the northern tip of Yule Island, I got out my camera, with the accompanying result.

At 9 that night we ran into the lee of the island. Then we caught the black bulk of it against the sky. In two hours the warm, welcoming lights of the Catholic Mission showed us the anchorage.

From 11 till daylight we halted. Then again it was "Heave short!", "Up anchor!", "Up jib, up mainsail!" and away.

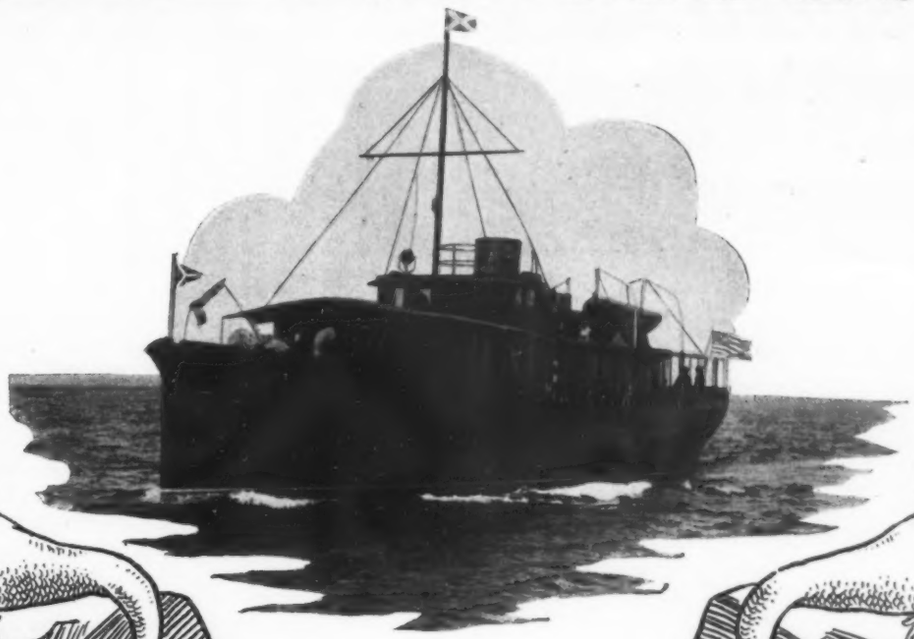
That night we entered Port Moresby. Twelve hours later the wide-eyed little native girl was through her ordeal, and I was still dead to the world in the hammock Oalla had swung beneath the crutched main-boom and awning.

Propellers and Reverse Gears for Auxiliaries

(*Continued from page 45*)

designed for other purposes to the very highly specialized needs of auxiliary installation. In all but the very fast light boats, a reverse gear incorporating a reduction gear will more than make up for the disadvantage of its length.

In the case of two-cycle engines (gasoline, hot-bulb, or semi-Diesel) a reverse gear is often dispensed with on the theory that these engines are reversible; and so they are — except at the critical moment. This theory has the great disadvantage of requiring two men, helmsman and engineer, or an acrobat, if one man attempts to fulfil both functions, often resulting in damage to boat or dock. Two-cycle engines do not idle well as a rule and are very tricky to handle with a reverse gear when maneuvering. This trait was recognized in Europe as incorrigible from the very beginning and the various manufacturers of two-cycle engines immediately developed a reversible propeller. In a very few years, they succeeded in developing a propeller with reversible blades which is absolutely reliable and practically indestructible. Such an outfit permits maneuvering, even with a single-cylinder engine, with the assurance and smoothness of steam, and has the further enormous advantage of permitting the blades to be locked in the fore and aft position when under sail, thus combining the advantages of the feathering propeller with those of an absolutely dependable reversing mechanism. Fig. V shows a typical Scandinavian installation. In almost all cases the control is through a worm, thus avoiding all possibility of jerks and sudden strain due to careless handling. A one-way clutch, in the larger sizes, is usually included to facilitate starting. As far as



SIROCCO

THE Diesel yacht Sirocco, designed and built by Luders for Mr. Francis Whitten of New York, will shortly embark on her maiden trip, a cruise to the Mediterranean. On a recent trial this yacht, which is 120′ x 20′ 6″ x 7′ and powered with two 175 H. P. Diesel engines, showed a speed of 15 statute miles per hour.

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length is concerned, the clutch and worm usually take up almost as much room as a conventional reverse gear.

Chain drives, incorporating reduction, are frequently used in England and France in conjunction with the

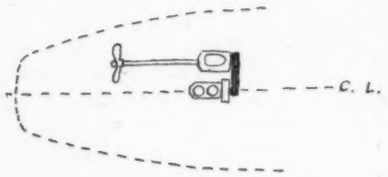


Fig. VI.

smaller high-speed gasoline engines. Fig. VI shows a typical example where the engine is amidships and drives (through a chain at its forward end) the reverse gear and shaft, which are off center alongside. This arrangement, and the alternative one in which the engine is off center with gear and shaft amidships, probably takes up less fore and aft space than any other combination possible. Chain drives cannot very well be put on the market as an engine accessory, for every hull presents a different problem in itself, entailing an endless variety of combinations of reduction ratios, sprocket sizes, thrust brace lengths, etc. This is a problem which must be worked out by the naval architect in coördination with the shipyard, engine builder, and propeller maker. When properly designed, and given an unusually high factor of safety, it makes a very neat and highly satisfactory combination.

From all of the foregoing combinations and their variations the prospective owner should, in collaboration with the naval architect, be able to pick out the one best suited to his particular requirements. He must bear in mind, however, that there is no arrangement which will give the best results from all points of view, and decide definitely at the start whether the most important thing to him is maximum driving efficiency under power or minimum interference with sailing qualities.

Crossing the Atlantic in a Rotorship

(*Continued from page 63*)

time it might be well to add that the ship was not made topheavy by her towers; for cumbersome as they look they are only one fifth as heavy as her original schooner's three masts and rigging. The rotors on the ship were in the nature of auxiliary power.

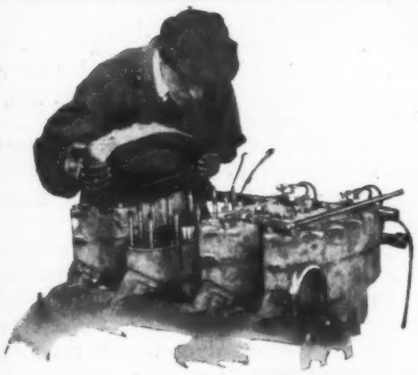
Monday morning at 8 o'clock the Lizard, the surf beating high and white along her grey cliffs, bade us a black and foggy farewell. The *Baden-Baden* shooting down from the top of one great North Atlantic roller kept chugging methodically to the top of the next, bound for that point 300 miles to the west of Land's End, before reaching which Callsen refused to take the chance of heading south for the Canaries — our midway fueling station. The captain, who before fate put him aboard this first rotorship had been chief officer and master in West coast nitrate barks, had no intention of skirting the Breton heads with nothing more than a 160-horsepower Diesel main engine and a couple of rotors to keep him clear. So west we went while for three days the "forties" poured down upon us the last of their winter wrath. The wind and sea hauled more to the northward and though our rotors speeded us along in great shape the former *Buckau* rolled in a way to show that her old sailing ship's hull missed the soothing power of its bygone sticks and canvas.

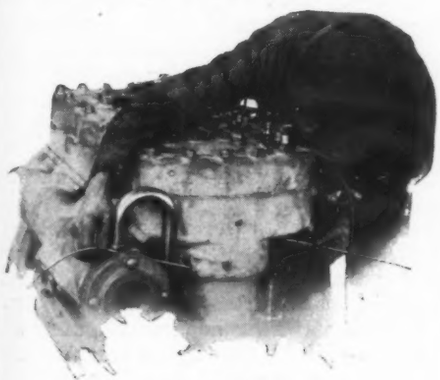
One person aboard, after heroic resistance, finally surrendered and one night missed his dinner too. Lie von Schuetzenteich, the captain's pedigreed German shepherd dog, two months old and scarcely weaned, also found sea

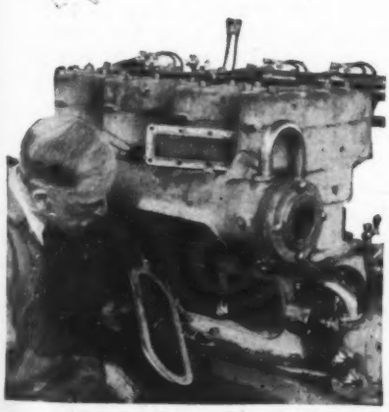
PALMER ACCESSIBILITY

Accessibility — The condition or quality of being reached with ease; of being easy of access; of admitting of reproach.
— Dictionary definition

Accessibility — The condition of being "get-at-able" with ease; of admitting repairs without taking the engine out of your boat.
— Palmer definition







Take the Z-R type of engine, for instance. Each cylinderhead may be removed by snapping off the two Fahnestock clips on the spark plugs and taking off 12 nuts. The whole job may be done in less than five minutes.

Or sand or sludge in the water jacket on each cylinder may be thoroughly cleaned out and any possible obstruction removed by taking out two plugs, one on either side of the water jacket, and running a wire through from opening to opening.

Or you can get at the crankshaft bearings in a minute by removing a handhole cover held by one wing-nut; and you can clean out the exhaust manifold by removing a single cover plate. In brief, Palmer engines are accessible in every sense of the word.

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life to have its disconcerting ups and downs, and mournfully refusing to eat, waxed weaker and weaker, thinner and thinner, until close on to the point of death. Probably nothing would have saved her from this experience had we not some two or three days later got across Biscay and off Finisterre into the calmer regions before the trades. For a couple of days the sea became calm and hot and blue. Only little wrinkles disturbed what seemed to be an eternal placidness. For two days the *Baden-Baden*, her rotors rendered for the most of the time useless, kept chugging down from just over the edge of the blue saucer behind her, phlegmatically bent on chugging on up over the edge just beyond. Only the benign spring sun discreetly appearing and disappearing every twelve hours or so intruded on her solitude.

However, though Father Neptune may have temporarily forgotten the newcomer to his brood, he soon recollected himself and just after daylight one morning, when we were off Gibraltar, came boiling down out of the northwest disguised as a wind storm touched up with a stinging bombardment of rain and hail. For awhile the ship took it on the starboard quarter and scudded along under motor and rotor. At 8 o'clock bedlam broke loose at the base of the fore rotor over the forecastle. For a moment it seemed as if the strain might have damaged the bottom rotor bearing; but investigations by our chief engineer from north Germany, brought forth an iron bar that had fallen into the base of the tower.

The sea and wind steadily made up, seeming bent on shooting us ashore some 300 miles short of our objective. Callsen replied by coming around and heading beam-on across this smother of boiling wind-torn wave tops. The two yellow rotors, turning nearly full speed, whirled on smoothly and silently, now leaning way over to leeward as we took roaring blue water over the waist bulwarks, now almost kissing some old grand-daddy of a wave. It was a good blow. Whenever it seemed in danger of easing off, a rain squall — its ghostly grey fingers wavering between clouds and sea — came sweeping down, mantled in a redoubled burst of wind. All day we seesawed up and down on the little bridge, only going below for meals at which we stood bracing ourselves against a bulkhead, snatching now at a coffee pot, now at a loaf of bread just before it vaulted over the table edging. The next day things eased up a bit and by the next we were out of it all and back with the sun once more.

In regard to behaviour at sea the rotorship under rotor is very much like a sailing vessel of the same size. Beyond a slight humming the rotors make almost no noise. The ship shows very little heel in a breeze, and in anything of a sea what little there is is lost in her roll. Running along before a sea, as she was all the time in the trades, her motion and the way she slowly climbed up to the top of a wave, hesitated a moment and then went coasting on down was exactly similar to a vessel under canvas.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the question of the ship's practicability. The writer feels that he must say, however, that he came aboard in Hamburg thoroughly prepared to declare that the invention worked better on paper than it did at sea, but that before the ship was half way to the Canaries he was as ready to put as much faith in it as the inventor himself; while the only surprise he experienced in connection with the undertaking was in observing the genuine interest and thought inspired in shipping men by her performances in New York harbor.

[It should be explained to those not acquainted with the rotorship that the rotors are intended as an auxiliary power for ships equipped with propellers or other motive power, so that with fair winds the main engines may be dispensed with and fuel saved. The main engines of the *Baden-Baden* are of 160 h.p. A 45-h.p. motor furnishes power to operate the auxiliary machinery and the two rotors. The dimensions of the *Baden-Baden* are: Length, 160 feet; beam, 36 feet; mean draft, 11 feet; diameter of rotors, 9 feet; height, 50 feet. — ED.]

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Steel Cruiser

Rich in finish — sturdy and staunch — THE SAFE PLEASURE BOAT has been tested and tried. It is a proven article. It is a *safe* boat

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Cabin 6′ 4″ headroom. Complete wash room equipment. 40-gallon fresh water storage tank. Two full length clothes closets. Comfortable berths for four people. Blue Spanish leather cushions. Complete galley equipment includes stove, ice box, etc. Floors linoleum covered. Blue carpet rug between berths. Four good sized storage lockers. Electric lights placed for your convenience. All interior finish white enamel panels and mahogany trim.

Equipment

Complete ground tackle furnished. Electric running and riding lights. Bronze fittings throughout.

Interior view showing comfortable berths, galley, and unusually high headroom

Plans and full information upon request

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Avoid pain by seeing your dentist in time

Don't let negligence keep you away from your dentist until pain drives you to him. At least twice a year go to your dentist for thorough mouth inspection. He will help you avoid needless pain and trouble by keeping your teeth and gums healthy.

Pyorrhea seizes 4 out of 5

Remember that four out of five who pass the age of forty, and thousands even younger, contract pyorrhea through carelessness. These are dental statistics.

But you can be the lucky one out of five if you will exercise ordinary precaution. Let your dentist inspect your mouth at least twice a year and brush teeth and gums twice a day with Forhan's.

Pyorrhea steals upon you like a thief in the night. First come tender bleeding gums. Then gums recede and teeth loosen in their sockets. Poison seeps through the system, often bringing on neuritis, rheumatism or worse.

If you already have pyorrhea see your dentist for treatment and start using Forhan's. If you still are free from this scourge, brush your teeth and gums regularly with Forhan's as a wise precaution.

If used regularly and in time Forhan's checks or prevents pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which dentists use in their treatment of this infection.

Forhan's firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. This pleasant tasting dentifrice cleans teeth thoroughly and wards off decay. Start using Forhan's at once. At all druggists', 35c and 60c in tubes.

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Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

The New G-6 Scripps Motor

(*Continued from page 78*)

usual power, flexibility, smoothness and durability. Dual carburetors and hot-spot manifolds, accessible outside double-deck oil pump, outside oil cooler, special plunger pump for removing old oil from crankcase, ball bearing reverse gear, etc., are only a few of the features of a characteristically fine product of the Scripps Motor Co.

A New Gasoline Supply Pump

A new gasoline delivery pump, to take the place of either the air or pressure gasoline pressure feed systems on power driven craft, has recently been perfected by the engineering staff of the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation, of Morris Heights, N. Y., and is now in production and ready for delivery.

The device consists of a 12-volt motor and the gasoline pump with suitable connecting shaft between, mounted on a solid metal

A new gasoline pump made by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation of Morris Heights.

base. It is installed in a vertical position at a level with the bottom of the gasoline tank, and connected directly thereto, the delivery side of which is connected direct to the carburetor. The pump is free from springs, valves and checks, and is said to be capable of delivering more than 100 gallons of gasoline per hour.

The principal feature of this device lies in the unique design of the pump, as all fuel above the carburetor will flow by gravity through the dormant pump. It is only necessary to operate the pump when the fuel level in the tank falls below the level of the carburetor. In other words, the pump acts as a pusher, feeding gasoline to the carburetor without building up a pressure. It is positive in operation and safe in control under all conditions.

Davy Jones' Locker

Anyone wishing to get the latest and best "dope" on how to do any kind of a marine painting or varnishing job should read "Davy Jones' Locker," a little pamphlet jammed full of useful information regarding the proper way to use paint on wood or iron work on all types of craft. It is published by the New Jersey Paint Works, Wayne and Fremont sts., Jersey City, N. J., and will be sent gratis to all YACHTING readers who request it.

In the Lee of the Longboat

(*Continued from page 72*)

upset Fenger's dope, now's the time for him to rise up on his hind legs and say so. Otherwise, the Keel Krowd win the argument.

* * *

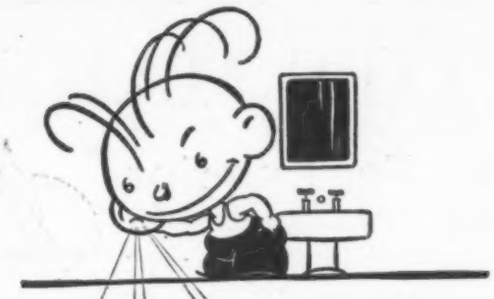
I might make a thousand or more comments about Harry Pidgeon, his boat, and his remarkable cruise. But reams have been written on this subject already, so I'll only mention two things which strike me as being rather remarkable. First, Harry carried a small skiff on deck, all the way around the world, without any trouble at all. Second, *Islander s* cabin is quite high, with square front and sides, and rather light trunk and roof. One would think that crashing seas would quickly dispose of the skiff, if not the cabin. But they didn't. Undoubtedly the answer lies in *Islander's* remarkable buoyancy, due to her beam, hard bilges and fl ring forward sections. While she is remarkably buoyant and dry in bad weather, I bet she is awfully quick and jerky in a seaway, too. Maybe someone could design and build a better all-around craft for the job — but I'll bet you couldn't make Harry believe it!

The Bascom Chest
by Alfred F. Loomis
(The Century Company, 1926.)

Not enough sea literature has been written for boys, if we desire to see the thoughts of our youngsters turned towards the sea and yachting. *The Bascom Chest* is a boy's book. It is more or less a mystery story with the scene laid on the seacoast, in which yachts and yachting play an important part. The author is well known as a cruising man, having made several long voyages, the most important of which was the one from New York to Panama in the 28-foot yawl *Hippocampus*. The yachting background is, therefore, accurate. The mystery itself is not cleared up until the end and the book should make an appeal to boys from 13 to 16 years of age.

Refer to Your May YACHTING

Through an error in making up the plans section of the May issue of YACHTING, the accommodation plans of two schooners of about the same length were transposed, so that the accommodation plan of the 65-foot Alden schooner *Curlew*, appeared with the sail plan of the 67-foot cruiser *Chimon*, designed by Ford and Payne. These two accommodation plans on pages 73 and 74 should be transposed.



What is the "man's world" saying

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   (but leave it wet)
2. **Spread on Barbasol**
   (but don't rub in)
3. **Shave**

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"No hot water, no rubbing, yet the razor went through the beard as it would through butter, and left face fresh and cool. What has been a complicated process has become as simple as washing the face." — J. H. B., Denver, Colo.

"You can imagine what saving half an hour every morning means to a Florida real estate man!" — G. O. F., Tampa, Fla.

"We are still waiting for Tom Marshall's cigar, but we don't need to wait any longer for a good shaving cream. Barbasol is it!" — M. D., Chicago, Ill.

You can have the full names and addresses on request, but we would rather send you the trial tube, 10c. Line forms on the right. Just use Barbasol three times according to directions — wash the face, spread on (but don't rub in) Barbasol, and shave.

(Wonderful for Sunburn)

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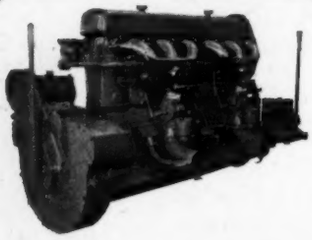

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Trial Trip of the *Lorelei*

(*Continued from page 51*)

The *Lorelei* left Wilmington on May 7th, and ran up the Delaware to Bordentown where she entered the Delaware and Raritan Canal, arriving at the fourth lock at Trenton after a run of less than ten hours.

These new cruisers are slightly larger than the one exhibited by the American Car and Foundry Company at the recent Motor Boat Show, being 47 feet long by 10 feet, 6 inches beam; 3 feet, 6 inches draft. The accommodations are unusually complete and roomy for a yacht of this size, with a large sleeping cabin aft taking care of four persons, and a very roomy deckhouse living room forward, with sleeping accommodations for several more. The motive power, a Hall-Scott 100 h.p. reduction gear motor, is located amidships and throughout the run an average speed of 10 knots was maintained, the engine running quietly with a remarkable lack of vibration and no signs of overheating. The boats ran on their designed lines, as the photographs show, and are exceedingly handsome, well proportioned craft.

The *Lorelei* will proceed from New York to Detroit by way of the Hudson River, Erie Canal and the Great Lakes.

One of these new cruisers will be on display at the John Wanamaker New York Store. The same company will also distribute the J. W. 38-footers, which are being built at the A. C. F. plant.

The Yacht *Advance* And Her Rig

(*Continued from page 57*)

some of these ideas and it will be interesting to see how they work out. From what we hear, some have followed quite closely the Warner theories and some have similar ideas, but the resultant forces do not coincide with Warner's research, all of which will add to the interest. The problem of handling sail, the strength of spars and rigging, has yet to be developed and will make excellent material for amateur or professional movie artists.

If the *Advance* has contributed, as the yachts of Cowes are credited with having contributed to Nelson, a safer and easier way, not for war but for industry and for our fishing schooners, it must give great satisfaction to all yachtsmen that yachting may still be a useful and delightful research laboratory; and if the yachts which cross the Atlantic serve to teach us to adopt sane scantling restrictions such as will drive the experimenting yacht designer into constructive effort, I for one, will feel the *Advance* has well served her purpose.

A Novel Seagoing Rig

(*Continued from page 71*)

or furled by one man. It would not be difficult or impossible for two men to handle a Pulsifer-rigged trys'l bark in getting under way or coming to anchor. In making a mooring in a crowded harbor the way of the vessel can be stopped by laying either fores'ls or mains'ls aback. The vessel can be given sternway when desired. It will be noticed that all masts are stayed both athwartships and fore and aft, thus combining from the engineering standpoint, the advantages of the fore and aft and the square rig. All masts are stayed in four directions. The building of a trys'l rigged bark would require the development of certain new gear. Such gear, however, would be very simple. There would certainly be less gear on such a vessel than on a three-masted schooner setting tops'ls on the fore and main."

There may be certain mechanical difficulties to overcome, but if these can be taken care of the rig may have possibilities. What do you think of it, boys? Let's hear how it strikes you.

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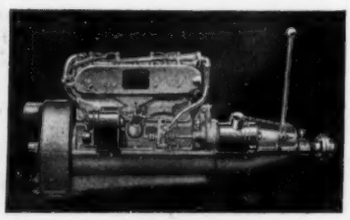
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